

*John Pichs 312* and  
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ONE PENNY.



OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS.—ALLHALLOW'S-EVE.

SNAP-NUT NIGHT, OCT. 30TH. (See page 322)



**OLD ENGLISH CUSTOMS.—ALLHALLOW EVEN.**  
**ALLHALLOW EVEN** is the vigil of All Saints' Day, which is on the 1st of November, and is commonly called "Nut-crack Night." It is a strange circumstance that the same spells and conjurations are practised at Halloween in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, and that they seem to have existed ever since the marriage service was introduced. The Irish, who are all born thirsty, have taken advantage of the festival to introduce the drinking of a compound of ale, known as "lamb's wool," among the mystic ceremonies. According to Burns, the Scotch always eat "sowens," with butter instead of milk to them, at Halloween supper.

The nut-burning charm was performed after this fashion. A pair of nuts had the name of a lady and gentleman given to them, and were then placed in the fire. If they burned quietly together, then it promised a happy marriage or a hopeful love; but if the female nut bounced off with a bang, or the male nut exploded with a crack, or if they flew apart in any way, then it was useless for that couple to think any more of each other, for their courtship would be nothing but a series of bouncings, bangs, and cracks, which would be more likely to end in a six months' imprisonment than a wedding-day. But if the nuts should blaze together and burn a wedding-day. But if the nuts should blaze together and burn a wedding-day. But if the nuts should blaze together and burn a wedding-day.

The gentle Gay, with mild hilarity, chirps in his "Spell"—

"Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,  
 And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;  
 This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,  
 That in a flame of brightest colour blazed.  
 As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow,  
 For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow."

In Ireland, it is a custom with the girls to test the constancy of their boys, at any time of the year, by means of nuts. This is rendered necessary, from the peculiar disposition of the men in that country to make love to every girl they meet. As soon as the young lady has remembered the names of all the gentlemen who have sworn to adore her, she calls the nuts after them, and, three at a time, subjects them to the fiery ordeal. A nut which only overnight had sworn to "burnst its heart intirelce, if it was trated bakke at all, at all," has been known to bounce with a bang over to the other side of the room, like a soda-water cork.

In the engraving of "Burning Nuts on Allhallow Eve" our artist has imagined a party of simple-hearted villagers amusing themselves with a gentle flirtation at nut-burning. They have very cleverly got rid of all the old people, or we are sure that young lady on the right would never have dared to put her arms round the neck of the youth nursing his leg. We only hope her little brother, on the other side, will tell of her bold conduct. Her excuse would be that their nuts blazed with mutual fondness; but although that might explain why he should attempt to fondle her, it is no reason at all for her caressing him in so public a manner. That girl is capable of marrying four times, if she has the chance. One of the damsels is evidently feeling a sensation of chokedness in the throat, brought on by her nut having exploded like a cracker. She puts her hand on her young man's shoulder, as if to beseech him not to mind the bang! but she isn't very good-looking, and he has a sly expression about the eyes, as though he were running over in his mind the names of the other angels he would like to adore. One fond couple who have been successful in their nut-burnings have retired to the background, and the youth is now endeavouring to convince his fair partner that the nuts don't turn quietly together for nothing, and that there is a good deal more in such things than meets the eye. The damsel is thinking the matter over, which accounts for her sideways glance.

Young women in Scotland, we are told, determine the figure and size of their husbands by pulling up cabbages blindfold on Halloween. The cabbage-drawing ceremony is practised in this manner:—"The girls are blindfolded, and then, joining hands, they enter the garden, and pull up the first plant they come to. If it be a big one, so will the future husband be; if the stem be crooked, then the intended's legs will be sadly out of the perpendicular. If any earth stick to the roots, then the man will bring money with him, for riches are dirt, and lucre is filthy; but, as the Highlander said, "It'll bear washing."

Sowing hemp-seed is another of the mystic rites practised on this eve. A lady steals out unperceived by her friends, and sows a handful of hemp-seed in the garden, dragging after her anything she can find, so as to harrow it. All the time she keeps on repeating, "Hemp-seed, I sow thee—hemp-seed, I sow thee; and may he who is to be my true love come after me and pull thee." If she is lucky, she will on looking over her left shoulder see a gracefully attired gent behind her in the attitude of pulling hemp. In making this trial it is better not to sow the hemp in a flower-bed, for fear the angry gardener should be the youth the lady beholds on looking backwards.

Should any lady be afraid of catching cold by venturing into the open air, she can try her matrimonial future in her own room. She has only to throw a ball of blue thread out of window, and then wind it back again into a reel. By and by something will catch hold of the thread, and then she must ask with an effort, "Who holds?" and a flute-like voice will warble out its Christian and surname, and state the exact amount of pin-money he is prepared to allow her after her marriage.

For the benefit of the younger members of the joyful meeting, whose innocence cannot yet comprehend the delight of seeing two nuts blazing together in loving sympathy, our ancestors introduced on Halloween the pastime of ducking after apples in a tub of water, and trying to catch them in the mouth, whilst the hands are tied behind the back. Another sport was to place an apple on one end of a lath and a lighted candle on the other, and then suspending the beam by the centre to the ceiling, to make boys, with the arms tied down, bite at the fruit. Of course, the lath swung round, and the candle came bounding against the lad's cheek.

In case any of our gentlemen readers would like to try the nut-burning next Halloween, we will tell them a secret which might prove of use. If you make a small hole in the sides of the nuts—say with a pin or the point of a penknife—the nut will burn as quietly as a potato in an oven, and your sweetheart need not know anything about it.

**PROPOSED MAMMOTH HOTEL.**—New York papers announce a project for building, upon ground recently purchased for the purpose, directly opposite the main entrance to Central-park, "the largest and grandest hotel in the world." It is to be a family hotel, and therefore differ greatly from the existing American hotels. There will be 174 private parlours, with one, two, or three chambers attached; more than 600 other chambers for guests, and above 100 rooms for their servants and the hotel establishment. There will be two large main dining-rooms. A grand feature will be the central court, covered with a glass roof, and from which access may be obtained to any part of the building.

## Notes of the Week.

On Sunday afternoon a shocking affair took place at Maidstone. It appears that a man, George Jalley, better known as "Frome George," a native of Frome, came about three weeks since to reside in Waterloo Cottages, Stone-street, with his paramour, Sarah Smith, since which time constant quarrels have been heard between them. Sunday they had been out drinking together, and returned home between three and four o'clock. Shortly after their return, screams of murder were heard, and a woman named Saunders, entering the kitchen, saw Jalley kick the woman Smith in the throat, when she immediately fell back and expired. Prisoner was given at once into custody on a charge of wilful murder. In reply to the charge, prisoner said he supposed he would suffer for it on the gallows, and be a warning to others.

On Monday, an inquest was held at the London Hospital on the body of Major Thomas Clark, aged forty-three years. From the evidence of the brother of the deceased it appeared that he was a major in the 24th Regiment of Foot, and recently came to England on leave. As the expiration of his leave approached he expressed apprehensions that he should die if he returned to India. He became subject to great mental excitement in consequence, and Dr. Allingham was consulted. Dr. Allingham deposed that he found the deceased was not in a fit state to be left alone. He remained with the deceased in the drawing-room pending the arrival of a keeper, who had been sent for. Deceased kept walking up and down the room in an excited state, and suddenly rushed to the window and leaped out. The doctor caught hold of his legs, but subsequently changed his hold to the coat tails, in consequence of the unfortunate man kicking so violently. The coat, however, "peeled" off his back, and he fell to the pavement. He was removed to the hospital suffering from a broken arm. He went on well at first. Upon the slightest thing being said to him he used to become most excited. He used to say, "I wish I was dead." He expired on the 28th inst. A post-mortem examination proved that he had got over the shock to the system which he had received. The cause of death was severe bronchitis, accelerated by the fall. The jury returned a verdict "That the deceased expired from the mortal effects of bronchitis, accelerated by a fall which he received by throwing himself out of a certain window while in a state of unsound mind."

Two men were travelling in a carrier's cart on Saturday, from Gainsborough fair to a neighbouring village, when a quarrel arose between them, and one of the men, named William Lusby, stabbed the other, whose name is Stephen Bailey. The wound inflicted is of a serious character, and Lusby is committed for trial.

On Monday, an inquest was held at Horley, on the body of William Shelton, a labourer, aged twenty-one. The deceased had been amusing himself with various tricks of strength, the last of which was the holding a chair at arm's length. He succeeded in accomplishing the feat for a few minutes, but immediately afterwards complained of excessive pain, and expired. The exertion, it appeared, had caused the rupture of a blood-vessel, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect.

On Saturday night Mr. William Banner, the parish clerk of Brinsley (Notts), was returning home from Nottingham, and as the train was stopping at Langley Mill Station he opened the carriage door and was stepping out when he was struck by the door, and the unfortunate man fell between the platform and the rails. He was taken up dreadfully mangled, and died on Sunday afternoon. At the Nottingham Railway Station, the same evening, a young man, named George Elston, a shunter, was doing what is called a double shunt, and whilst so engaged he slipped off the buffer as the train was being backed and fell with his shoulders across the rails, one of the wagon wheels running over his neck, completely severing his head from his body. The accident took place in the presence of the pointsman, who was utterly unable to render any assistance. The poor fellow has left a wife and child.

On Monday, the Mansion House Cholera Relief Committee, who have sat daily for the greater part of the last three months, and latterly twice or thrice a week, held their final meeting at the Mansion House, the emergency which called them into existence having now, as there is good reason to hope, passed away. In the absence, from indisposition, of the Lord Mayor, Sir Mordaunt Wells occupied the chair. An official report, under the hand of the Lord Mayor, was presented and read to the meeting. It was of considerable length, and may be said to be a record of the outbreak of the epidemic, and of the steps taken to cope with it. The report was unanimously adopted, and then, on the motion of Sir Mordaunt Wells, seconded by Mr. Tite, M.P., a resolution was passed, without a dissentient voice, to the effect that the members of the committee availed themselves of that opportunity of expressing to their president, the Lord Mayor, their cordial thanks for the great kindness and consideration they had on all occasions experienced during the prolonged sitting of the committee at the Mansion House. Dr. Andrew Clark said, next to the Lord Mayor, the successful operations of the committee were due to an eminent degree to the able and untiring services of Sir Mordaunt Wells, and he ventured to testify, on behalf of the committee, the sense of gratitude he knew they entertained for those services, and especially for the unwearied devotion Sir Mordaunt had shown in the case of the orphans, which had been to him a labour of love. The motion was seconded by the Rev. William Rogers, and carried with acclamation. A similar compliment having been paid, on the motion of Alderman Cotton, to the honorary auditors, Mr. Charles Hutton, Mr. H. W. Ripley, and Mr. William Needham for their services, the meeting separated.

On Monday Mr. W. Payne, corner for London and South-west, held an inquest at Guy's Hospital on the body of Charles Do Rosley Gale, aged thirty-two, who was killed by a train running over him at the Cannon-street Station on Friday week. Thomas Wild, foreman of the plate-layers, said deceased was engaged at Cannon-street Station. On the Friday afternoon, about half-past four o'clock, he was standing upon the up line outside the station. There are three lines there, and deceased was on the east up line when a train came behind, knocked him down, and went over him. The train was proceeding about ten miles an hour, and deceased was looking in a contrary direction. The whistle was sounded and deceased was called to when the train was about eighty yards from him, but he appeared not to hear, and the driver was not able to pull up before striking him. The deceased did not seem to be aware of any danger. He had been engaged in oiling the points and preparing the lamps, and was close to the points when he was run over. He had plenty of time to get out of the way had he looked out properly, as directed. A juror said he thought it was not proper to place an inexperienced man in such a dangerous position. Mr. W. Brown, the station-master, said it had been particularly pointed out to him how to avoid danger, and there had been plenty of time to get out of the way if he had looked out as directed. Verdict, "Accidental death."

## Foreign News.

### FRANCE.

The British flag is now flying in the Champs de Mars, Paris, a sign that England has taken possession of the space allotted to her for the exhibition of her industry next year. It is calculated that 20,000 carriages a-day will set down at the doors of the building, but the authorities do not know where they will be able to find room for such a number of equipages to stand. The works are being pushed on rapidly, and the Emperor will no doubt recommence visiting them as often as he can.

With wise economy, the French Government is already finding purchasers for its old-fashioned arms. It has sold to the Government of the first King of Siam twelve mountain mortars, 600 shells, and 1,200 fulminating wads. The Emperor has just agreed to the sale of forty-eight more mortars, which are of a description no longer used in the French army.

General Lebeuf, the envoy of the Emperor Napoleon at Venice, who delivered over Venetia to Italy, has returned to Paris, and had an audience of his Majesty at St. Cloud. The general is reported to have brought to the Emperor expressions of gratitude for all that France has done for Italy from persons of varied classes of society.

### ATTEMPT UPON THE LIFE OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

On the evening of Saturday a man, since discovered to be a journeyman tailor, was arrested in Prague, upon strong suspicion of intent to assassinate the Emperor Francis Joseph.

At the moment when the Emperor, who had just left the Bohemian Theatre, was stepping into his carriage on the evening in question this man was seen to point a pistol at his Majesty. The act was observed by Captain Palmer, an English gentleman, who instantly seized the man's uplifted hand, and prevented the accomplishment of his probable design. Immediately afterwards Captain Palmer handed the man over to the police. The pistol was found to be loaded with ball.

### VENICE.

The final result of the plebiscite in Venetia shows 61,728 votes in favour of union with Italy. There were only sixty-nine negative votes.

### GERMANY.

Count Bismarck, who has been very ill, has left Carlsburg for Putbus, on the Isle of Rugen.

Oscar Becker, the young Radical who five years ago attempted the life of the King of Prussia, has been pardoned by the Grand Duke of Baden, on whose territory the deed was committed and punished. The King of Prussia interceded for him at the instance of a near relative. Having been sentenced to penal servitude for twenty years, the liberated fanatic rejoices in the remission of no less than fifteen years.

### AMERICA.

General B. F. Butler, who has been nominated for Congress in Massachusetts, is understood to have distinctly avowed his determination, if elected (and he undoubtedly will be), to use every exertion to bring about the impeachment of President Johnson. It is believed that General Butler is ambitious to secure the Radical nomination for the next Presidency, and his chances in that respect are certainly good, and his generally admitted ability as a politician is highly appreciated by the party. He has in recent speeches frequently cast slurs upon General Grant without as yet receiving any marked disapprobation from a Massachusetts audience.

### JAPAN.

Sir H. Parkes has paid a visit to Jeddo. The *Japan Herald* gives the following particulars:—

"In Jeddo, the mob is just as uncontrollable as elsewhere. Two instances occurred during the visit of the naval officers to Jeddo in which this spirit was exhibited, and stones were thrown at them, once by some *caille* in the commercial quarter, and once from among the crowd that may always be found collected in the temple of Osakusa, the most popular temple in the Tycoon's capital. From the two-sworded class there was no difficulty whatever. A few days since Sir Harry Parkes, with a party of his guests, went on foot, quite privately, to the Tomaya Shiba, and on arrival found the temple gates closed. The priests at the temple are a powerful, bigoted set, notoriously uncivil to foreigners; and knowing this Sir Harry took the precaution to obtain an order for admission from the Gorojio. Finding the gates shut, the Japanese of the native guard who had accompanied the party, went to demand explanations, and they were all kept waiting some considerable time before these were furnished, to the effect that the gates were always closed at four p.m., and it was then past that hour. This did not seem to be a valid excuse, and the rudeness of the temple officers was so undisguised, that Sir Harry complained officially to the Gorojio, and found them at once prepared to offer an ample written apology. As, however, the affront had been public, his excellency claimed that the amende should be equally so, and that the visit should be without let or hindrance of any kind whatsoever, and that two commissioners of foreign affairs should go with the party to see that no further insult or annoyance was offered to the representative of Great Britain. All this was agreed to, and the visit passed off in the most satisfactory manner. No stone was thrown at Sir Harry at any time, nor other slight of any kind offered to him, except that mentioned above. The stoning of the officers was, of course, very unpleasant, but it was not general, although, unfortunately, one officer was struck on the head, and another had his umbrella injured. The intercourse of the British minister with the Gorojio has been most agreeable. Two interviews, at hours named by himself, passed off most pleasantly. This forenoon the Gorojio has invited Sir Harry and his friends to visit the Hama Goten, a garden of the Tycoon's, which has never been visited by any foreigner, an attention which is more gratifying as it was offered quite spontaneously. They had been aware that Sir Harry had a desire to see the garden. In a variety of ways the Gorojio have attempted to show the foreigners little attentions hitherto omitted; and, as stated above, have permitted access to places of interest hitherto unapproachable to any but the most privileged of their own countrymen."

**ATTENDANCE AT A LEVEE.**—The new Governor's levee on the 23rd of August was largely attended—a little too largely. Independently of two or three trifling losses which have been reported to the police, one lady's pocket was relieved of no less a sum than 295*l.*, which was somewhat imprudently carried in it. The bulk of the sum was, fortunately, in bank checks, payment of which has been stopped.—*Melbourne Argus.*



## EXTRAORDINARY CHARGE OF ATTEMPTED EXTORTION.

TOKKHUR HENRI PHILIPPE CHRISTIAN GODFRED VAN DE HOVEN, a captain of the Dutch army, residing at the Albemarle Hotel, Albemarle-street, was charged before Mr. Knox, at the Marlborough-street Police-court, with sending a letter to Mr. Adrian Hope, of 74, Portland-place, demanding money with menaces.

Mr. Metcalfe, instructed by Messrs. Young and Co., appeared for the prosecution; and Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, for the prisoner.

Some years ago a relative of Messrs. Hope made a will, leaving them some property, having previously made a will in favour of the prisoner's father, but which he subsequently revoked. Messrs. Hope being anxious not to deprive the Van de Hoven family of all the property, attempted to have some arrangement with them, but it fell through, and proceedings were taken by the prisoner's father, and in 1862 they ended, the claims of Messrs. Hope being substantiated. Since then the matter had dropped till the present, when Mr. Adrian Hope received several letters, among others one upon which the present proceedings were founded.

Mr. Adrian Elias Hope said: I am the son of the late Mr. Adrian Hope. I received on the 18th of October the following letter:—

(Translation.)

"Albemarle Hotel, Oct. 15.

"Sir,—I have just received through your solicitors the intelligence that it is useless to continue further the correspondence respecting the Bosbeck matter, after having led me to suppose for nearly four months that an arrangement would be come to with me. They inform me that it has now become impossible, because I cannot arrange a matter with E. J. Hope which in no ways concerns me. What an argument! You have not, sir, chosen to negotiate directly with me this family affair, as ought to have been done between gentlemen. I have followed your advice in putting myself in communication with these people, who, looking at everything in the world in the light of business, are unacquainted, as it would appear, with those shades of honour which should distinguish persons of our social position, and I knew before hand that this question, compromising as it is, would not be terminated honourably in such a way. The suit at law, therefore, must be commenced, whilst I will at the same time make use of every means to obtain my rights and bring the affair to a close. But, sir, between us two the matter must also be terminated personally. Not only have you insulted me by refusing to receive me at your house, although I am a member of a noble family, at the least as honourable as your own, but there is something beyond. You are of age. You can therefore settle your affairs alone, without rendering an account of your actions to any one; you do not require to be guided by people who do not understand honour or probity; you are master of your actions, and can consequently follow the noble impulses which exist in the heart of every man of honour, without consulting a soul. If you do not follow them, or if you do not possess them, listen to what I tell you. A son who can and who will not repair the grave fault committed by his father—a young man in the outset of life who can but will not re-establish his name, which is compromised because he has to pay a handful of gold for a debt of honour—that son, that young man is not worthy to bear the name of gentleman, and should not be treated as one. If, sir, you do not admit the truth of what I have just said, by terminating, in an honourable way, this compromising affair, I warn you hereby that sooner or later, here or on the Continent, or in a public place, or in a drawing-room, no matter in what society, I will consider you as such (sic) by insulting you in the manner you deserve, and will compel you to give me satisfaction, unless you are desirous of being ranked upon the list of dastards. After me, should it be necessary, three brothers, one of whom will in the course of a few days be placed in the embassy in London, perfectly acquainted with all the laws of honour, will take my place, and will be happy to be able to avenge their worthy father, who has been the dupe in so ignoble a way of your family. My resolution is irrevocably taken. Reflect! Already, on the 29th of August, I warned your solicitors of the disastrous consequences which would ensue if the matter were not arranged amicably. If, however, they have been acting in this affair without having consulted you in everything which has taken place, or if you shall have determined to do your duty by terminating this affair honourably with me, I will then be the first to retract the words I have just written; but in such case do not allow yourself to be restrained by a false shame: yield to that noble feeling, and you will find in me a man of honour, who will prove to you that it is not merely the money, but also the mode of acting, which will determine the affair. In this case of having to treat directly with yourself, between gentlemen and cousins, I would be satisfied with one-half the sum I claim through the solicitors (17,000*l.*). This, therefore, is my last proposal, I can do no more. If you do not accept it I shall carry out my plans. I swear it on the tomb of my worthy father, and upon everything which is dear to me in this world. Hatred and revenge will take the place of the patience and delicacy I have hitherto observed. Although my departure was fixed for to-day, I will remain till Thursday evening. I will not execute my projects, and I am ready at any moment to give you brilliant satisfaction if you desire it. My address is the Albemarle Hotel, where you can write me till Thursday.—I have the honour, sir, to be your obedient servant,

"H. V. DE HOVEN."

I do not know the prisoner's handwriting, but all the letters I have received have been in the same handwriting. To the best of my belief the letter is in the prisoner's handwriting. I have sent answers to the letters I received.

Mr. John Jackson, solicitor, said: I have been conducting the affairs of Mr. Hope, and his father before him. There was litigation about a will between the prisoner's father and the Hope family. I have received letters from the prisoner. One of them I hold in my hand. The prisoner came to my office and wrote a letter. That letter is in the same handwriting as those sent to Mr. Hope. I did not see the prisoner write the letter. It was sent up to me, and afterwards I saw the prisoner personally.

Police-constable 137 C said: At half-past ten this morning I went to the Albemarle Hotel, and saw the prisoner there. As he could not speak English, I got Mr. Schill, the proprietor, to tell the prisoner that I was a police officer, come to arrest him for writing threatening letters to Mr. Adrian Hope. The prisoner said, through Mr. Schill, that he had written letters to Mr. Hope on business matters. At the station I searched him, and found various memoranda.

Mr. Lewis, having submitted the papers to the prisoner, stated that not any of them were in the prisoner's handwriting.

Police-constable Butcher: I also found in the prisoner's pocket two pieces of torn paper.

Mr. Knox: Curious enough these fragments contain the actual signature of the prisoner, and it agrees with the signature on the letters produced.

Mr. Louis Schill, proprietor of the Albemarle Hotel, said that when the officer came he (Mr. Schill) told the prisoner the charge, when he said that Mr. Hope was his cousin, and that as between gentlemen he did not think it gentlemanly that the correspondence should be brought before a police court.

Mr. Lewis: I do not wish to cross-examine this witness, and as the case for the prosecution is closed, I have to submit that no conviction can be had under the statute. Now it is perfectly clear that, whether the prisoner succeeded in his act or failed, there was throughout a pervading idea in his mind that he was legally entitled to certain property, and that the letter, undoubtedly a letter conveying threats, was written under that impression.

Mr. Knox: There are family matters involved in this case, but I think it right to send the case to the court above, to take the opinion of the judges on the question in issue. I have no objection to take bail—the prisoner's own in £1,000 and two sureties in £500 each.

## ASSAULT UPON A YOUNG LADY.

At the County Sessions-rooms, Bolton, before the Rev. J. S. Birley, and Robert Heywood and William Htimers, Esqrs., an ill-looking, vacant-eyed fellow, named Richard Fullard, was charged with a most extraordinary assault upon a young lady, who has been residing with Mrs. Crook, at White Bank, Rumworth.

Mr. Torr, of Manchester, defended the prisoner.

The young lady deposed that on Tuesday afternoon, between two and three o'clock, she was going from White Bank to Gilnow, and went down The Pocket, and across the railway into a pathway that went through a field. She was quite alone. When going along the pathway she met the prisoner, who was coming towards her. He stopped before her, as she thought, at first, accidentally, and she moved to one side to allow him to pass. But as she moved out of his way he moved into it, and several times repeated this offence, until she became frightened, and ran away towards Gilnow. The prisoner attempted to lay hold of her, but merely touched her. He followed her and knocked her down. She was very much frightened, and struggled to get away. The man pulled her hair about a good deal. The man was on the ground, and held her so tightly that she did not know how she got away. She was scratched in several places, and her head bled a great deal at the back from the pulling of her hair.

Cross-examined by Mr. Torr: There were some houses near the place, but she did not observe any person near her. On the other side of the railway she met a woman, but that was some distance off. The man looked very vicious at her, she thought. When she ran towards Gilnow she thought the man caught her from behind. After she got up he ran after her again, but she ran very fast. When she got to Gilnow she gave information to Miss Haslam. She did not believe the soreness in her head had been caused by the comb she wore at the back, but by tearing of the hair from the roots.

The prisoner was ordered to turn his face towards the witness while she recognised him, which she did, though evidently with a feeling of the deepest revulsion.

Ann Harter, sworn, said that betwixt two and three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon the prosecutrix passed her in The Pocket, in Rumworth, and spoke to her. She shortly afterwards went to the window of her house to see if a pig was right, and saw a man and a woman in a field, and she was confident it was the same young lady she had spoken to. The man was first moving in front of her, and he afterwards pulled her down. He looked to have his arms fast round her, and her head went down with a "bang," and both rolled into the grass. Witness screamed out to another woman named Agnes Otley, and both ran towards the place, but when they were a good distance off the man jumped up. The young lady was screaming. She then ran, but the man stopped, and then ran towards the young lady again a few yards, but when he saw them he went towards Gilnow. They pursued, and lost sight of him for a few seconds at the mill, when they met Mr. Hudsmith, who, when they had told him, caught the man. It was just by the Gilnow new factory they met Mr. Hudsmith.

Agnes Otley corroborated the last witness's statement. When the man was caught he said, going down on his knees, "Lord bless you all, I have been doing nothing wrong, I have not indeed. I have been by the waterside fishing all the afternoon. Forgive me, I have done nothing; I have harmed no one."

Examined by Mr. Torr: Prisoner was the man that ran away and was caught. She could tell by his features and his little piece of whiskers that it was the same man. He had also a white jacket under his arm.

William Henry Hudsmith said that he had just got through the Mayor-street entrance of the park, and walked along a little way to the nearest corner of Arrowsmith's Mill, when he saw prisoner running. Prisoner stopped running when he saw him, and passed him. Witness then saw the two women coming up, and he asked them what was to do. They asked him if he had seen a man with a white jacket underneath another jacket. At first witness replied, "No;" but on recollecting himself he remembered that the man that had passed him had a white jacket underneath his other one. By this time the man had got to Mayor-street entrance, and he pursued and caught him. He took him along Mayor-street, and on turning into Spa-lane, the prisoner tried to get away, and he pushed him into a hedge. A butcher came up and helped to get him into Deansgate, where he met two constables, and gave prisoner up to them.

Examined by Mr. Torr: The women had lost sight of him as he turned the corner; but it was an impossibility for any other man to have met him than the one the women were pursuing, unless he had got out of a gate at Makant's bleach works. That might have been the case had the doors been open.

Mr. Torr, in summing up the defence, said it was his duty first to see that the identity of the man was made out; but he did not think he should benefit the prisoner by denying that, as according to the intelligent evidence given by the last witness there was only one loophole, which was only a geographical possibility; and that was that some man might have escaped through these bleach works. He also felt bound to take the women's testimony as to their seeing his face. The bench would say whether this was the man, and if they found he was the man, the next consideration would be the nature of the assault. Very fortunately for the young lady, and also for the man, assistance came, and the young lady had sustained no injury, which she might well have sustained, being so attractive a person, and the place so lonely. There was nothing in the evidence given to remove it from what lawyers would deal with as a case of assault, and he apprehended it would have to be dealt with as such. It was an

aggravated case against a young person conducting herself with the greatest propriety, walking along a footpath, and having a right to the protection of the law, not only in the town but in the most secluded place in the country. But he hoped the bench would deal with it as a case of common assault, and only inflict such punishment as the case might seem to deserve. He had witnesses to prove that this man had an unblemished character, and was not likely to commit such an offence again.

Richard Baxter, clogger, called, said he had known the prisoner for twenty years, and he never knew him to commit an offence before. He was a hard-working, respectable, and well-conducted young man. He was a boiler maker.

John Hitchcock said he had known the prisoner for fifteen years. He was a married man. He knew him as a companion to be a very quiet, civil young man, and never heard anything of this sort alleged against him before.

The Rev. J. S. Birley said the bench would give prisoner the benefit of his previous good character. He did not think that such a case as this could have occurred, that a young lady should be walking decently in the path, and should be assaulted in this manner by a man who had borne a respectable character. If such people as these could not be restrained, a more marked sentence would require to be inflicted. This assault was of the most aggravated nature, and the sentence would be imprisonment for three months, with hard labour.

## HOTEL SWINDLING AT READING.

On Monday, Mr. E. Blackwell, mayor, and other magistrates were occupied for five hours at the Reading Police-court in hearing a charge preferred by Mr. Porter, proprietor of the Upper Ship Hotel in that town, against a man of gentlemanly appearance, about 45 years of age, who gave the name of Joseph L. Butler, for obtaining wine, &c., at the hotel under false pretences.

Mr. F. Morgan Slocombe, solicitor, of Reading, appeared to support the charge.

The case excited considerable interest, the large court being crowded.

The circumstances are briefly these. Some three weeks since the defendant, accompanied by his wife and four children, came to Reading from London by Great Western Railway, and drove in a cab to the Upper Ship Hotel, where they asked if they could be accommodated for a few days. They were told that they could, and apartments were accordingly placed at their disposal. Wine and spirits and the best of fare were ordered and supplied, the defendant having represented that he was the owner of an estate at Whitley, near Reading, and also proprietor of a large picture gallery in the Strand. He also represented that he should receive his furniture in a day or two. The defendant and his family remained at the hotel until a bill of 21*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.* had been incurred, when defendant handed to Mr. Porter a cheque drawn on the East London Bank for £10, and Mr. Porter saw nothing more of him. He suspected that he had been swindled, and went himself to the bank in Cornhill and presented the cheque, upon which he learnt that defendant had there a balance of only a few shillings. It was subsequently ascertained that some time ago Butler was a clerk in the employ of Mr. Gilbert, picture dealer, of 51, Strand, and Mr. Gilbert attended and gave evidence that defendant did not carry on any business in the Strand, as represented, having been discharged from his service last August. At the time Butler gave Mr. Porter the cheque for £10 he promised to pay the balance in cash on the following day. A carver and gilder named Whitehead, living in Charlton-street, Marylebone, proved having received a cheque of the defendant for the sum of £1 10*s.*, and when presented at the bank it was returned marked "Not sufficient." It was further proved that another cheque, drawn by defendant in favour of Mr. Fleck, London, for £1 6*s.* 6*d.* was also returned from the bank for the same reason. Both cheques were dated Sept. 25, 1866. It was proved that no furniture arrived as defendant had represented.

The defendant produced several bundles of papers, which he spread out upon the clerk's table, and made a long statement, occasionally using such violent language that the bench threatened to commit him for contempt of court if his expressions and conduct were not more becoming. He said he knew that he had only a balance of 16*s.* 4*d.* at the East London Bank, and he had three or four other cheques out, but the bank had bills of his to the amount of £125, and the manager would have cashed his cheques had not Mr. Porter gone up and kicked up the row he did.

The magistrates deliberated for a short time, and then committed the defendant for trial.

Defendant's wife was present, and appeared to be in much distress.

Along with other distinguished visitors at present residing at the Clyde Hotel, Bothwell, are the widow and daughter of the late Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America.—*Scotsman.*

Mr. RICHARD THORNTON WEST and Mrs. West have presented to the National Life-boat Institution £620 to defray the entire cost of a life-boat station to be formed at West Wittering, at the mouth of Chichester harbour, on the coast of Sussex.

A MILITARY MURDER.—"Vienna letters, confirmed by statements in the Austrian journals," says the *Revue de Florence*, "mention a case unparalleled in the annals of military justice. Lieutenant Jean Kubeliatsch, belonging to the Reischach regiment of infantry, was condemned by court-martial and executed at Neustadt, near Vienna, at the beginning of last month, for cowardice before the enemy. He was the son of a wealthy miller, and was twenty-two years of age. In the battle of Skalitz he distinguished himself, as sergeant, by his extreme bravery and intelligence, and his conduct gained him the honour of being promoted to the rank of lieutenant on the field of battle, while at the same time the commander-in-chief recommended him to the Minister of War for the Cross. In consequence of uninterrupted marches, the newly-created officer was unable to procure a uniform, and, in the battle of Malowa, he again presented himself before the enemy in that of a sergeant, with his musket and cartouche-box. As in the previous battles, he conducted himself bravely; but when his regiment was routed, he threw aside his musket in the flight, and for this act alone he was accused of the crime of cowardice and executed, in the presence of one hundred witnesses—for his sentence was pronounced in secret. On the day of his execution he appeared calm, and obtained from his confessor a promise to make known to his parents the true circumstances which had brought their son to an ignominious death. On arriving at the place where the fatal sentence was to become an irrevocable fact, the youthful lieutenant supplicated the colonel for pardon, but in vain. The irons were taken off, his eyes banded, and five chasseurs advanced towards their comrade, who fell, struck with four bullets. This deplorable event has produced a painful sensation everywhere in Austria."



## TOWN SKETCHES.—DOORWAY OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, Cornhill, was destroyed by the Great Fire of 1666, except the great tower, which contained a celebrated set of ten bells: the body was built by Wren, and fifty years later the tower itself, which is an imitation of the splendid chapel tower of Magdalen College, Oxford, built in the fifteenth century, and 145 feet high; but St. Michael's is only 130: it has a set of twelve bells. The site is presumed to have been occupied by a church since the Saxon dynasty: it has a cloister and pulpit-cross; and here rested the remains of Fabian the Chronicler, Alderman of London, and Sheriff in 1193.

A few years since a new carved Tympanum was placed over the doorway of the church, representing St. Michael disputing with Satan about the body of Moses, and shown in the accompanying illustration.

## COUNTRY SKETCHES.—BONCHURCH OLD CHURCH.

AMONG the many delightful places in the Isle of Wight, the village of Bonchurch is one of the most pleasant spots; and the old church of Bonchurch, an engraving of which is given on the next page, is one of the most picturesque and interesting objects in the whole island. The village of Bonchurch is situated about eleven miles from Ryde. The old church, now disused, derives its name from St. Boniface, the apostle of Germany, to whose memory it was dedicated. It is a small building in the Norman style of architecture, with a plain chancel, arch, and doorway. On the north walls there are some remains of mural paintings. It is surrounded by noble trees, and in the church, carpeted in the spring with scented blue violets, repose the remains of the highly gifted John Sterling, so well known from the biographies of his friends Archdeacon Hare and Thomas Carlyle. The surrounding scenery adds greatly to the interest attached to this hallowed relic of the past. In approaching the village of St. Boniface, or Bonchurch, as it is variously called, the smooth acclivity of the down is abruptly broken and changed into a wild and romantic waste of craggy, shattered, and almost naked rocks. This is the leading feature of the higher parts of this small parish. One of the most striking objects in the view of Bonchurch is the so-called "Pulpit Rock," a rugged mass boldly jutting out beyond the line of cliff, and surmounted with a rude wooden cross. A similar isolated mass, called the Flagstaff Rock, rises in the grounds of Undermount, and faces the traveller as he descends the hill—or, as it is locally styled, the "Shute." Half-way down the hill stands the new church—a plain but very pleasing edifice, in the Norman style.

**ROYALTY WORSHIP.**—One day, during the late visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to Edinburgh, his royal highness, having occasion to visit one or two shops in town, took a cab from the common stand, hoping thereby to elude the notice of the unmannerly crowds who invariably dodge the footsteps of royalty in that city. He did not take much, however, by this manoeuvre, for on alighting from the vehicle two well-dressed ladies stepped up to the cabman, and in winning accents demanded, "How long will you let us sit in your cab for a shilling?" The modest darlings doubtless fancied that it would be something grand to say that they had sat in a carriage used by his royal highness! — *John o' Groat Journal.*

**DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.**—On Sunday, while a boat belonging to a collier, with two men and two women, was crossing from Rotherhithe to Limehouse, an infant in the arms of one of the women, by a sudden spring, slipped out of her arms and fell into the stream. The mother instantly threw herself out of the boat to preserve her child. One of the men jumped out and succeeded in preserving the life of the child, and then exerted himself to save the unfortunate mother, but his endeavours were unsuccessful, as it is supposed the tide carried her body under a tier of vessels moored a little above the place where the accident happened.

**SECESSIONS TO ROME.**—Four junior members of the University of Oxford, one of them a bachelor of arts, who has taken a first-class degree, have just gone over to the Church of Rome. A fifth went over at the beginning of the vacation.

**DR. CHADWICK,** late Professor of Pastoral Theology in Ushaw College, was on Sunday consecrated in St. Cuthbert's Chapel, Ushaw, Roman Catholic bishop of Hexham and Newcastle. Dr. Chadwick is now fifty-four years of age, having been born in Drogheda in 1812.

## DREADFUL OUTRAGES BY KIOWA INDIANS.

THE outrages of the Indians of the Far West and South-West are becoming absolutely horrible. This plain statement needs no varnish:—

"St. Louis, Oct. 11.—Captain Barlow, of General Sherman's staff, arrived here from Fort Dodge, where he saw two white girls named Doye, one seventeen and the other thirteen years old, who had been ransomed from the Kiowa Indians. The girls say that on the 27th of August last, the Kiowas attacked their home in North-Western Texas, and killed, scalped, and burned their father. Themselves, mother, and a sister eight years old, were carried off in captivity, and treated in the most cruel and revolting manner. On arrival at the Indian camp the captives were knocked senseless with

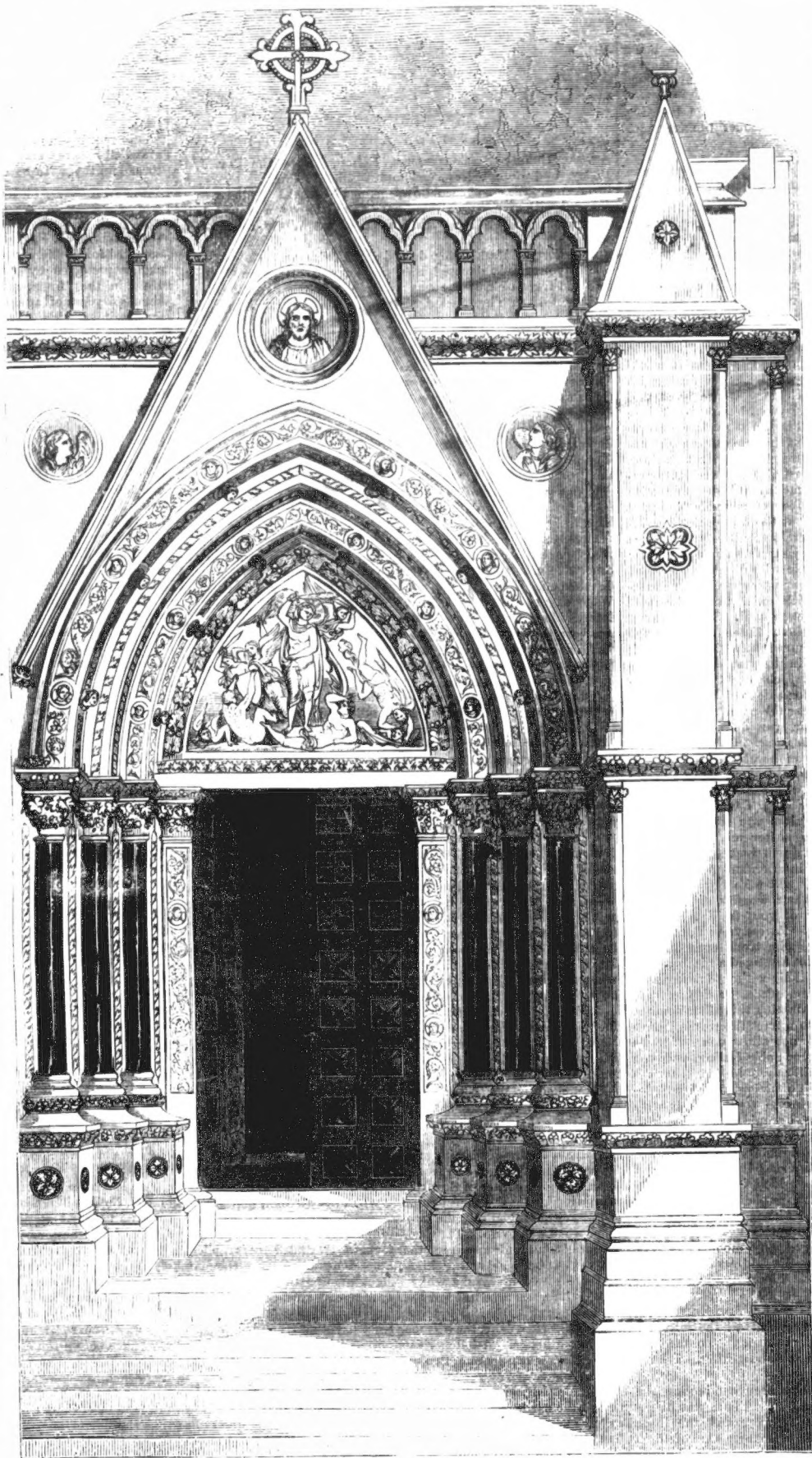
On the annexed page we give an engraving of English Men-of-War in the Port of Malta. This celebrated British naval station was probably first discovered by the Phœnicians, from whom it was taken by the Romans in the first Punic war, and made a prefecture subject to the pretor of Sicily. St. Paul, during his voyage from Palestine to Rome, was wrecked here; and being kindly received by the people, performed some miraculous cures, which made him be "honoured with many honours, and, when he departed, laden with such things as were necessary." (Acts xxvii. 39—44; and xxviii. 1—10.) On the decline of the Roman empire, Malta fell under the dominion of the Goths, and afterwards of the Saracens.

## MALTA.

It was subject to the crown of Sicily from 1190 till 1525, when the Emperor Charles V conferred it on the knights hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, who had a short while previously been expelled from Rhodes, giving them power to levy taxes, import duties, &c., for the maintenance of the Order, on condition that they should wage perpetual war against the Turks and corsairs. It was besieged by a powerful Turkish armament for four months, in 1565, but without success; the knights, under their heroic grand master, John de Valette, founder of the city called by his name, having succeeded in repelling all their attacks, and compelling them in the end to retreat with vast loss. During more than 150 years, the island maintained itself against the Ottoman power; but the Order was never sufficiently wealthy to attempt foreign conquests, or equip numerous fleets. At length, however, the inexpediency of the continuance of the piratical contests, in which the knights had been so long engaged, became obvious; and, in 1724, they concluded a truce with the Turks, which secured for the Maltese in Turkey the same privileges as the French. The subsequent history of Malta till its surrender to the French has little worthy of notice. In 1798, a French fleet of eighteen ships of the line, with eighteen frigates, and 400 transports, arrived off Valetta, having Napoleon on board; and the treachery of the French knights, who desired to be the subjects of France rather than Russia, rendered the capture of the island, with its capital, no tedious or difficult task; and accordingly, after some fighting, the island capitulated 12th July, 1798, one month after the arrival of the fleet, when the Order of Malta was virtually extinguished. In consequence of the irreligious practices and oppressions of the French, the Maltese rose *en masse* to expel them; and compelled them to take refuge in the towns, where they were closely blockaded for upwards of two years. At length, the French, being reduced to extremities, surrendered on the 5th September, 1800. The English immediately took military possession of Valetta, and have since retained it; the treaty of Paris, in 1814, having definitely annexed it to the crown of Great Britain.

The island of Malta is of an irregular oval shape, rising precipitously from the water's edge on the S. and S.W. The surface presents the appearance of an inclined plane, sloping gradually from its highest elevation (about 1,200 ft. in the S.W.) to the more level land on the N.E. side, where it dips into the ocean. The substratum consist of soft calcareous sandstone only scantily covered with soil, great part of which has been carried thither from other countries, or artificially created by breaking the surface of the soft rock into small fragments, which crumble by exposure to the air, and in the course of two or three years become good soil. It has neither lake nor river, and from its geological formation, and the absorbent nature of the soil, has no marshy or swampy ground, except, indeed, two spots of very limited extent at the head of the Great Harbour and St. Paul's Bay.

The harbour of Valetta, which lies on the N.E. side of the island, is divided into two sections by a promontory or tongue of land, on which stands the capital, defended by the castle of St. Elmo. The S.E. side, called the Grand Port, is the most frequented, having an entrance about 250 fathoms in width, with an average depth of ten or twelve fathoms; it runs inwards about one mile and three-quarters, has deep water and excellent anchorage throughout, the largest men-of-war coming close up to the quays. N.W. Fort St. Elmo is Port Marsamuscet, which is also a noble harbour, used exclusively by ships performing quarantine: near its centre is an island on which are built a castle and lazaretto. The Custom-house and storehouses are in the Grand Port, and furnish every facility for landing and warehousing goods. An excellent dock-yard, victualling office, naval hospital, &c., have been constructed for the use of the British navy.

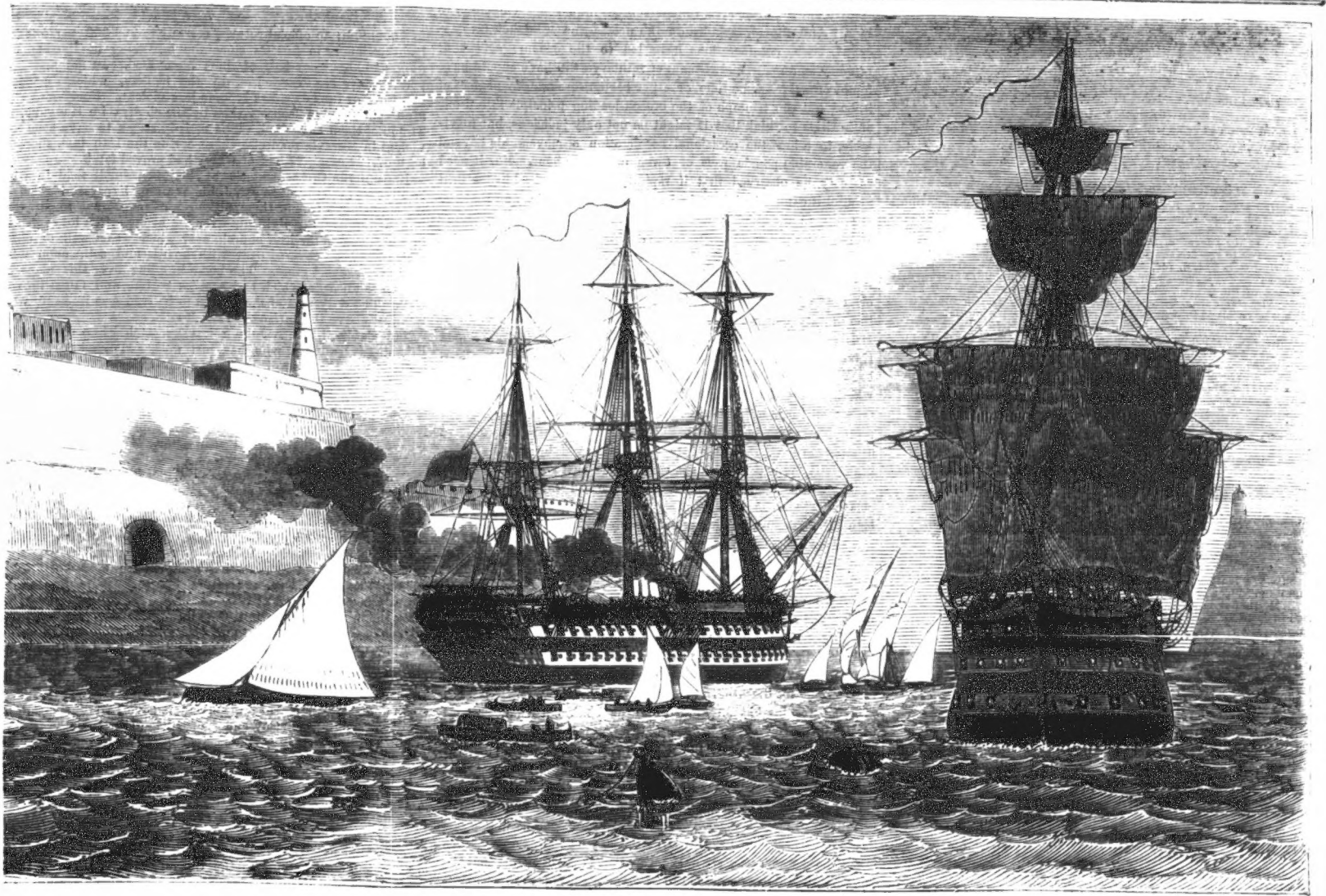


TOWN SKETCHES.—THE DOORWAY OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CORNHILL, CITY.

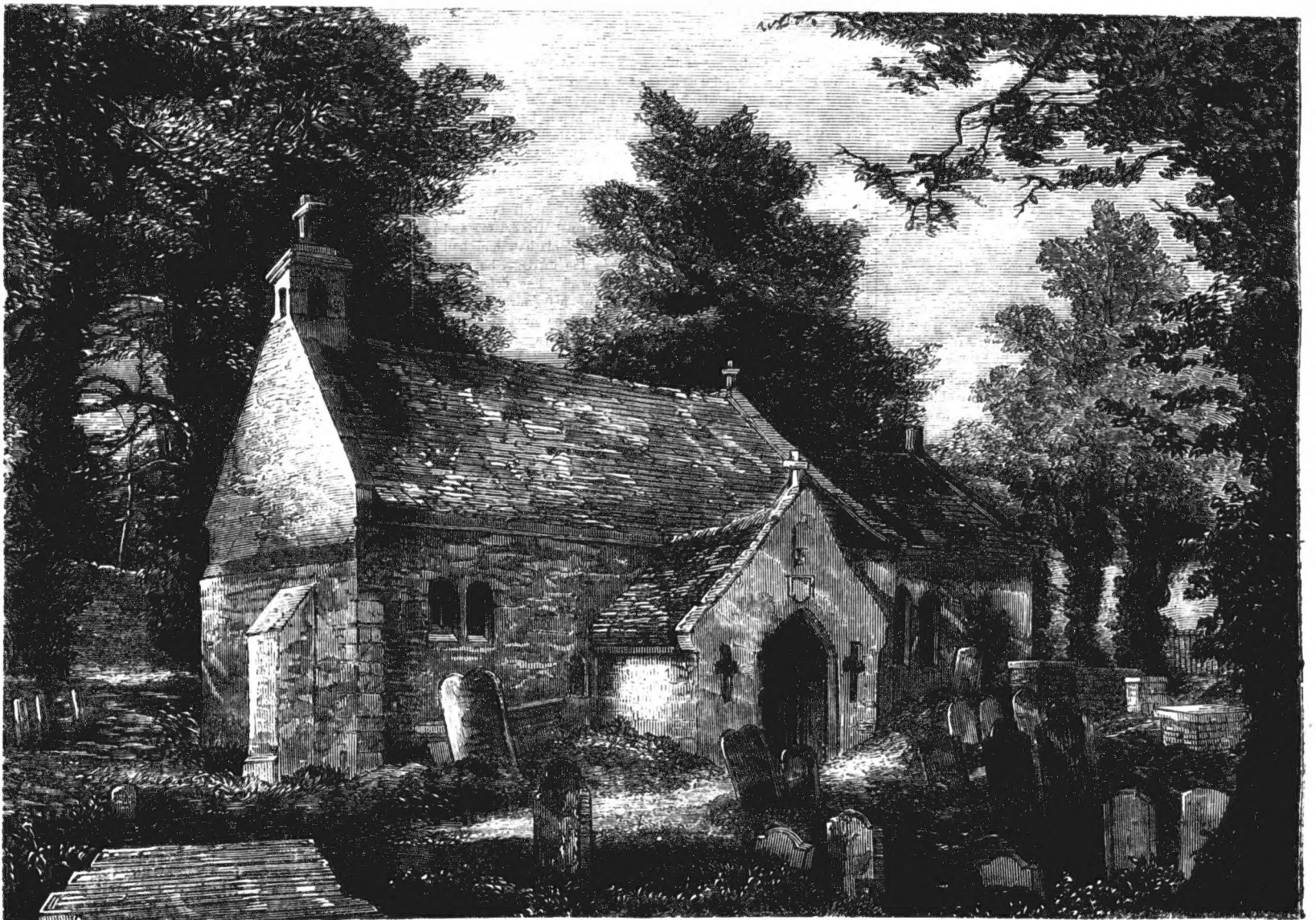
clubs, repeatedly ravished by the fierds, and were treated in this manner four or five times every day. On hearing of their condition the commanding officer at Fort Dodge, not having sufficient force to rescue them, effected their ransom, and will send them to their friends in Texas as soon as they recover from their terrible sufferings. While in the Indian camp the officer sent to arrange their ransom saw the captives knocked down three times and violated."

A despatch from St. Joseph, Missouri, also announces that fifty miners, out of a party of seventy-five, had been killed by the Cheyennes in Montana.





ENGLISH MEN-OF-WAR IN THE PORT OF MALTA. (See page 324.)



COUNTRY SKETCHES.—BONCHURCH OLD CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT. (See page 324.)



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**FEELING.**—You are in error. The Exhibition of 1851 closed October 15th. **MARGUERITE.**—The "Damnation of Faust" was by Berlioz, and produced at the Opera Comique, Paris, in December, 1846.

**REFORMER.**—The third reading of the Reform Bill of 1832, in the House of Lords, took place in June.

**ARCTIC.**—Sir J. Franklin sailed on his last voyage on the 23rd of May, 1845.

**D. E.**—John Mitchell was sentenced to transportation in May, 1818.

**H. T.**—The meeting of the Social Science Congress of 1855 took place at Liverpool.

**L. T.**—The artist, Mr. John Tenniel, was born in 1820, and has contributed illustrations to *Punch* since 1851.

**HECTOR.**—We believe that the dissolution of the Birmingham Political Union took place in 1834.

**BANTING.**—Daniel Lambert weighed fifty-two stone eleven pounds. He died in June, 1809.

**FINANCE.**—No. The Income Tax was extended to Ireland in May, 1853.

**M. M. S.**—A stamp receipt is necessary for each payment above 2s., though in a part payment it is not in all cases carried out, except at the last payment.

**P. P.**—When "The Forty Thieves" was produced at Covent Garden in 1815, Mr. Liston played the woodcutter, Ali Baba, and Mr. Charles Mathews, the elder, Mustapha, the cobbler.

## CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.	A. M. P. M.	
3	S	11 17 11 46	
4	S	— 0 12	First balloon ascent, 1783
5	M	0 35 0 57	23rd Sunday after Trinity
6	T	1 16 1 35	Gunpowder Plot, 1605
7	W	1 52 2 9	Sun rises, 7h. 4m.; sets, 4h. 24m.
8	T	2 26 2 42	First Gazette published, 1665
9	F	2 58 3 15	Cambridge Term divides
			Prince of Wales b., 1841.—Lord Mayor's Day
			Moon's changes.—New moon, 7th, 10h. 25m., p.m.
			Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.  
Prov. 11; Luke 20. Prov. 12; Colos. 1.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast, Fast Days, &c.—6th, Leonard, confessor (A.D. 559).

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.  
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1866.  
REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the War-office advertisement of prizes for breech-loaders and revolvers for the future armament of our troops, there has been issued by the Horse Guards an order that the men in our infantry regiments shall be exercised daily in "running drill." After six weeks of preliminary training, each soldier is to be required to run 1,000 yards a day, at a pace not exceeding the rate of six miles an hour, and on each alternate day carrying his arms and accoutrements during the exercise. When this stage has been reached, certain battalion movements, hitherto usually performed in ordinary time, are to be executed at the "double." These announcements of the two great departments of our military organization have, it will readily be seen, a connexion with each other more intimate than the accident of being promulgated at the same time. They both grow out of the necessity for recognising rapidity of fire as a new element in tactics. It has become indispensable that our troops shall have weapons which are not slower or less deadly than those with which foreign troops are armed. But it has become equally indispensable that our men should not be exposed to so withering a fire a moment longer than can be helped. Within the space of but a few minutes a whole regiment may now be annihilated. To diminish by a half the period during which it is subject to such a chance is equivalent to saving half the men that would have otherwise been killed or disabled. Such is the necessity of the case which has forced the Horse Guards to abandon its traditional "quick time," and to consent to place our men on equal terms with foreign chasseurs and bersaglieri, by accustoming them to execute the chief movements of a field of battle at a speed hitherto reserved almost wholly for the bayonet charge. But while the modification in drill has been compelled by so cogent a reason, it is as well not to overlook that it has been long ago called for by other considerations. The army which can most rapidly manoeuvre is not only that which loses fewest men, but that which is most efficient for every purpose, alike of attack and defence. There is never a battle, scarce ever a skirmish, in which there comes not a period when to save but a few minutes in a formation is almost decisive of the success of the movement. To be able in the shortest possible space of time to urge an attack against a weak point, to take advantage of an error on the part of the enemy, or to remedy a blunder that has become apparent on his own side, gives to a general an overwhelming advantage. It carries into the field of battle that celerity of opera-

tion by which, when directing the movements of his army in the theatre of war, Napoleon routed the far larger hosts opposed to him. And abroad, long before the needle-gun was taken into account, such considerations have led to the encouragement of rapidity as an essential element of military drill. We should have found ourselves some time or other beaten through our neglect of it, had not the triumph of the breech-loading principle forced our authorities to think that it might be not only judicious, but inevitable, to allow the occasional acceleration of movements beyond the venerable parade pace of three miles per hour. For it need scarcely be observed that if rapidity is not practised in the drill ground it cannot be improvised on the field of battle, and that the attempt to do quickly what has been only done slowly before would have produced the worse evil of utter confusion.

A DISCUSSION has been going on for some time about the right or the practice of smoking in railway carriages, and the line of duty which railway directors should take in reference to it. It is very difficult, indeed, to say whether the majority of men travelling by railway are smokers or non-smokers; but there can be very little doubt that the majority of railway travellers, whether they smoke or not, do not find the practice offensive to them; still it is not because four men in a railway carriage have no objection to smoking that the other two, who may have a strong repugnance to it, are to be annoyed by it. Yet this practically is the case, and it is easy to see that the ill-assortment of tastes in this matter may occasionally lead to very disagreeable collisions. A case of this kind came before the Lambeth Police-court, upon cross summonses, in one of which Mr. Lewis Lovinsky, a colour and bronze merchant, was defendant, and Mr. Thomas Adams complainant. Both parties lived at Forest-hill, and they were coming to town by rail on the morning of the 12th instant, when the defendant and several of his friends began smoking. By and by an elderly gentleman, Mr. John Baddeley, travelling in the same carriage, complained of an excess of smoking, to which Lovinsky replied that he had the privilege of the directors of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company in his pocket, and that nothing but an order from the chairman would prevent his smoking. To any person of common sense this statement must have appeared what the defendant subsequently admitted it to be—untrue. Mr. Baddeley, without noticing it, merely said that smoking was contrary to the rules and regulations, but the defendant took no notice of this remonstrance. He and his friends continued to smoke, perfectly indifferent to the comfort of any one but themselves. This roused Mr. Adams, who felt, as any gentleman would under the circumstances, that it was a shame that the smoking should be continued to the annoyance of the gentlemen who had just complained; and when the defendant exclaimed, "Oh, does it annoy you too?" Mr. Adams replied that it did, and that "None but a — foreigner would attempt to do it." Perhaps this was putting too blunt a point upon it, and Mr. Adams clearly put himself in the wrong by prefixing a profane adjective to a term which he intended to be one of contempt. But one folly begets others. The defendant now retorted, that a foreigner was quite as good as a "— Scotchman." Mr. Adams rejoined by threatening to have him put out of the carriage at New-cross. The defendant asked him if he could turn him out, and getting up and leaning close against him, told him it would take half-a-dozen like him to do so. "At this time," says the report, "his hands and face were quite close to his person, so close that Mr. Adams was obliged to put his hands to his chest to push him away. The defendant then hit the complainant a desperate blow in the face, which cut Mr. Adams and gave him a black eye. Mr. Adams threw off his hat, and had partly got his coat off to fight it out in the carriage, but the parties present prevented any more blows." The defendant, however, no sooner reached the end of his journey than he made an attempt to escape, when he was stopped, taken before the magistrate, and sentenced to a fine of £5, or a month's imprisonment. There can be very little doubt that Mr. Lovinsky conducted himself discreditably; but as he had been punished for his misconduct, we may dismiss him and turn to a more important question—the likelihood, namely, of the present state of the practice with regard to smoking to lead to breaches of the peace. No one can have travelled much on railways without having observed that disputes of this kind are very apt to arise where passengers, as some do, light their pipes or cigars without the preliminary courtesy of asking their fellow-passengers whether it will be disagreeable. When this question is asked it is very seldom indeed that a non-smoker objects; but when it is not asked it is most natural that the want of politeness displayed should provoke remonstrance. One angry word leads to another; and we believe it will be found that quarrels do not infrequently arise in this way, though probably they do not often proceed to the extreme extent of the case we have been considering. There is a very simple way out of this difficulty, and that is by providing smoking carriages. On a long journey it is really a cruelty to a smoker to deny him his indulgence, and on the other hand it is unfair that persons to whom the smell of tobacco is a cause of sickness or headache should be obliged to be enveloped in its fumes, without any chance of escape. The appropriation of certain carriages to the use of smokers would get over the difficulty, and would at the same time do away with the absurdity of passing rules and regulations which are daily and hourly broken.

**DR. MARY WALKER.**—This lady, who has recently passed so successful an examination, visited Middlesex Hospital on Saturday, and was conducted through the establishment in male attire. The students were somewhat surprised at her appearance. She wore a low-crowned plain felt hat, a dark plush coat, not quite reaching to the knees, and black cloth trousers.

## General News.

ACCORDING to official returns more than 200,000 persons have had the cholera in Austria since the beginning of the month of July, and about one-half of them have died. In Vienna 3,242 persons have been carried off by the cholera, which during the last three or four days has become less violent. Forty-nine thousand persons have been attacked by the cholera in Hungary, and 21,556 of them have died. The malady seems to have been more violent in Moravia than elsewhere, for on the 15th inst. there had been 67,192 cases, 27,624 of which had proved fatal.

BEHIND the Crescent houses at Fifeley is a small field in which two horses (belonging to Mr. John Walton, livery-stable keeper) were grazing. One of them, although never known to stray before, had during the night got over the hedge into a lot of ground, in which stands the iron church, near which was a well or cistern which had been covered over with boards and soil, upon which now grows sweet grass. The horse in going over this place had broken the boards, which had become rotten, and fallen into the well. The only part of the animal to be seen was its head, which was just above the surface.—*York Herald.*

THE Cardinal Prince John Scitovsky, Archbishop of Gran and Primate of Hungary, who has just died, addressed the following letter to the Emperor of Austria a short time before his death:—"Gran, Oct. 13. Eternity is near! The God of mercy and of truth calls me. I resign my soul into his hands. But, before leaving this life, I cannot omit to place at the feet of your Majesty my most warm thanks for the numerous testimonies of favour I have received from you. I wish your Majesty a long life, joy, and happiness, and I pray God that the success of the glorious Government of your Majesty may find one of its most brilliant illustrations in the splendour and aggrandizement of the Church and of my dear country. May Almighty God bless your Majesty, the Empress, Prince Rodolphe, heir to the throne, and the Archduchess Giselle, and may the benediction of God rest for all time upon the entire Imperial house!—Cardinal JOHN SCITOVSKY."

THE King of the Belgians has conferred the Order of Leopold on Mr. Frith, R.A., whose picture of "Ramsgate Sands" has recently been exhibited at Brussels.

By the return of the Hon. Captain White for Tipperary the brigade of Guards has one more of its officers in the House of Commons. The representation of the household troops in parliament, although not so strong as it was, is yet tolerably numerous. The Grenadiers send Sir C. Russell, Lieut.-Colonel Sturt, and Lord Claude Hamilton; the Coldstreams, Captain the Hon. G. W. Clive and Lord Cremorne; the Fusiliers have Lieutenants-Colonels the Hon. Hugh Annesley and Tottenham, Captains the Hon. C. White and Spiers. In the household cavalry the Blues have one representative, Cornet the Hon. C. Cattrigton; the 2nd Life Guards, although contributing two members to Upper House, have none in the Lower. But it is in the 1st Life Guards that the largest proportion of representatives of the people are to be found.—Captains the Hon. Henry Wyndham, R. Grosvenor, and Lord Charles Bruce, Lieutenants Greville-Nugent and the Earl of Tyrone all being in the house. Of the fifteen members thus enumerated, eight belong to the Conservative and seven to the Liberal side of politics.

LETTERS from Chamounix state that the search for the bodies of the two remaining victims of the late accident at Mont Blanc had remained unsuccessful up to the 18th. On that day the searching party were nearly buried by another avalanche. On the 23rd, however, they discovered the corpse of the porter Tournier, and now hope to recover that of Captain Arkwright.

## THE INSANITY OF THE EMPRESS OF MEXICO.

A LETTER in a German paper gives what it states to be authentic particulars of the malady which has come upon the young and ill-fated Empress of Mexico. It appears that it was at Bautzen, on her way to Miramar, that she first had the idea, which has since become a fixed one in her mind, that her attendants were in a conspiracy to poison her. At Bautzen she refused to partake of any cooked food, and would only eat fruit which she had gathered with her own hands and drink water she had herself drawn from the fountain. When she arrived at Rome she hastened to the Vatican, and demanded that her attendants should be instantly arrested for an attempt on her life. The pope, who was in complete ignorance of her condition, gave orders for their arrest, and it was only when it clearly appeared that she was under a delusion that the order for their imprisonment was countermanded. In a short time all doubts were removed, and the Count de Flandres was invited to take her back to Miramar. At Miramar she grew worse. The Archduke Charles, who went there, was obliged to return in forty-eight hours without seeing her, as her medical attendants dreaded the effects of any emotion on her patient. The Count de Flandres also left Miramar; and when she took leave of him she threw herself into an armchair, saying, "Now they will do with me what they please." It was thought that the house in which she resided, being built on a rock close to the sea, was dangerous, and she was transferred, though against her will, to another at some distance in the park. She now sees nobody except Dr. Ileck (who exercises a certain control over her, and who has been allowed by the Emperor of Austria to devote his whole time to her), and her former confessor, the parish priest of Miramar. The physicians are said to have given up almost all hope of her recovery, and they greatly apprehend the effects of a nervous fever, which in her present state might be fatal.

SUSPICIOUS AFFAIRS.—Advices from Dresden state that the public of that city is much occupied with an affair which calls to mind that of Doctor de la Pommeraye, in Paris. An advocate named Muller has been arrested there accused of a crime analogous to that which conducted the French doctor to the scaffold. In the month of June last M. Muller lost his young wife (she was only twenty-six), and the journals were filled with accounts of the grief of the unhappy husband. But it appears that he soon consoled himself, having had the idea of insuring her life, when in excellent health, for 68,000fr. (£2,700). The directors of the assurance company were not, however, touched with the grief of M. Muller, but demanded the exhumation and autopsy of the body. The chemist Sonnenchein, charged with the examination, has discovered the presence of a vegetable poison, but the name of which he has not yet stated. That result has appeared sufficient to the authorities to warrant M. Muller's arrest.

ON Saturday morning, shortly before nine o'clock, during the fog, a serious collision took place on the North London Railway, near the junction at the gasworks on Bow-common. A heavy goods train for Hayden-square had been brought up on the top of the incline, when a train from Bow to Fenchurch-street came up and dashed into the rear of the goods train with considerable force. The shock was very severe, and some of the passengers were much cut and bruised.



## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**DRURY LANE.**—The grand spectacle of "Faust," which we fully noticed last week, still continues to draw crowded audiences. The play is followed by "The Comedy of Errors."

**OLYMPIC.**—The new drama, by Mr. Wilkie Collins, produced at this theatre on Saturday evening, is only new as regards the general public. "The Frozen Deep" was first performed by an amateur company, at the house of Mr. Charles Dickens, in January, 1857; was subsequently played by the same company at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent-street; and was some time later represented at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester. It had also been specially performed, by royal command, before her Majesty the Queen and the late Prince Consort, July 4, 1858. As might be expected, the drama has undergone sundry additions and alterations at the hands of the author, made expressly for the performances at the Olympic Theatre. The action opens in a country house in Devonshire. Hither have retired four ladies to keep each other company until such time as the good ships the Wanderer and the Sea-Mew have returned from an expedition to the Arctic regions. The four ladies are Clara Vernon (Miss Lydia Foote), Lucy Crayford (Mrs. St. Henry), Rose Elsworth (Miss Alliston), and Mrs. Stevenson (Miss Sheridan). Clara is betrothed to Frank Aldersley (Mr. H. J. Montague), an officer in the Sea-Mew; Lucy's brother, Lieutenant Crayford (Mr. Horace Wigau), belongs to the same vessel; and Stevenson (Mr. John Clayton), Mrs. Stevenson's husband, is likewise a lieutenant in the Sea-Mew. The time would pass pleasantly enough in the lonely house were it not for the illness of Clara Vernon, which is mental rather than bodily. When under the influence of more than ordinary excitement she is liable to fall into a trance, and in that condition is in the habit of describing scenes and events happening in some other part of the world. To Lucy Crayford Clara is especially attached, and the history of her early life narrated to Lucy in some degree accounts for her extreme nervous sensibility, if it does not explain the power she possesses of "second sight." Clara has been brought up almost from infancy with Richard Wardour (Mr. H. Neville), and Richard had entertained an affection for her which she never suspected until on the eve of his departure to join the ship he rushed up to her, kissed her, vowed he would win a name worthy of her in a few years, and return and claim her as his wife. Clara, taken aback at his sudden outburst of feeling, allowed him to go without offering him an explanation, but subsequently wrote to him abroad, assuring him that it was impossible she could ever be more to him than a sister. The letter never reached Richard, and when he returned home and hastened to claim Clara she tells him she is betrothed to another. Terrible is the effect of this unexpected declaration on Richard Wardour. He forgives Clara, but makes a solemn vow to live only to kill his rival. His rival, Frank Aldersley, is appointed to the Sea-Mew, one of the vessels of the Arctic expedition. Clara soon after learns that Richard has sailed with the expedition, and is overwhelmed with terror lest they should meet. Richard, however, does not sail in the same vessel with Frank. In a vision Clara beholds Richard and Frank alone on an iceberg, and the murder of her lover on the point of being perpetrated. The first act ends with the vision, which was so surprising and interesting in itself, and so admirably acted by Miss Lydia Foote, as to bring down the curtain on Saturday night with an uproar of applause, and to compel Miss Lydia Foote and Mrs. St. Henry to appear before the footlights. The second act passes in a wooden hut in the Arctic regions. The company of the Sea-Mew are frozen in. The officers and men of the Wanderer come to the hut, and it is decided between the two crews that one part shall set forth on a searching expedition and the other remain behind until relieved. Lots are drawn. Frank Aldersley goes with the exploring party; Richard Wardour remains in the hut; but go or stay is all the same to the morose and riven-hearted Richard. Bodily action alone can prevent him from going mad. He seizes hold of an adze and proceeds to demolish some berth fittings which had been ordered to be broken up. On one of the boards which had fallen on the floor he sees the initials C. V. and F. A. He thinks for a moment. It was here Frank Aldersley slept. Can he have known Clara? Is it possible that Frank Aldersley can be his rival? Frank at that moment comes in, and a brief colloquy informs Richard his suspicions are true. Clara is the betrothed of Aldersley. He attempts to draw his dagger, but his hand is withheld by Crayford, who seems the good genius of the piece. One of the exploring party having met with an accident, Richard volunteers to take his place, and the curtain falls on the departure of Aldersley, closely and ominously attended by Wardour. A cavern on the coast of Newfoundland supplies the locality of act the third. The four ladies we have seen in the lone house in Devonshire have come out to meet the expedition now on its return home. The vessel is seen in the offing at anchor, and the ladies have landed in the cavern to enjoy a few hours change from the tedium of a long sea voyage. All the gentlemen are present excepting Richard Wardour and Frank Aldersley. Too well has Lieutenant Crayford cause to suspect that Richard has wiled Frank away to murder him. He, nevertheless, does not hint his suspicions to Clara. She trusts to her visions, and sees ever before her Richard's gun pointed towards Frank. The sudden entrance of a miserable shipwrecked mariner directs general attention into a new channel. Despite his distracted air, his matted locks, and haggard looks, Crayford recognises Richard Wardour in the half-starved seaman. "Seize him," he cries; "seize the murderer of Frank Aldersley!" Clara rushes in. Richard knows her. He utters a cry of exultation, and forcing his way through all obstructions, hurries off to the beach, and returns directly laden in Frank Aldersley's haggard and emaciated as himself, and soon after dies. The curtain fell on the third act with no less enthusiasm than on the first. After all the principal actors had been recalled a universal cry was raised for the author, when Mr. Horace Wigau appeared and informed the audience that Mr. Wilkie Collins was in Florence, adding that "The Frozen Deep" would be performed every night until further notice. The principal share of the acting is confined to Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. H. Neville, and Mr. H. J. Montague. The great scene of Richard Wardour is that of the madness in the last act, and this Mr. H. Neville delineated with extraordinary force and discrimination. The other actors acquitted themselves satisfactorily in their various parts. The scenery is all that could be desired, and the "Vision of the Arctic Regions" in the first act was met by a loud and unanimous summons for Mr. Hawes Craven, the painter.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—A new and very effective drama, written by Mr. C. H. Stephenson, the well-known actor, was produced here on Saturday evening. Its title is "Patience; or, the Purpose of a Life," and when we say that Miss Marriott sustained the part of Patience, our readers may be well assured it was enacted with the utmost care and ability. At the commencement of the drama we find Geoffrey Wolverton, the heir of a large estate, lounging

about Craigmillar's Farm, and coquetting with Miss Charlie Cheetham (Miss Leigh), a visitor to Mr. Robert Ross (Mr. J. H. Slater), Edwin, his brother (Mr. W. Holland), who afterwards turns playwright, and Totty, their sister (Miss Louise Pereira). Wolverton has a secret, and is sometimes very mysterious in his manner. He passes for a single man, but is nothing of the kind, having married Patience Proudly, a poor border farmer's daughter, some seven years before the drama is supposed to commence. Robert Ross learns from the young wife that her marriage was not properly witnessed; in fact, it was somewhat "irregular" as to form. Having been married in the name of Kavanaugh, Geoffrey changes to Wolverton, with perfect safety. A written acknowledgment of the connubial obligation was given up by the unsuspecting Patience to her husband. He accidentally dropped this paper, which was picked up by Jane Selby (Mrs. J. F. Saville). Robert Ross, the Scotch lawyer, has to tell Patience of her husband's treachery, and has, moreover, to read to her a note, in which she is discarded, disowned, and proclaimed no wife by the man she loved and trusted. Her passionate affection then turns to hate, and she proclaims the "purpose of her life," namely, revenge. She then takes to the stage, and plays the principal part in Edwin's play. The Rosses and Wolvertons go to the theatre together, and are there seen from the stage by the actress Patience. Ralph Cheetham (Mr. R. Norman) is simply a low, scheming swindler, who has reckoned upon Charlotte's marriage as the only thing to keep him out of gaol. Robert Ross is at length persuaded clearly of Wolverton's guilt, and, loving Charlotte himself, has to break the news of her disgrace gently. Patience comes to the Wolverton villa, overlooking a bay on the Scotch coast, and meets her treacherous husband. This is a very powerfully contrived scene, and at the touch of the villain's hand Patience finds all her revenge giving place to the old feeling of fervent devotion. She, at last, recovers from this weakness, and pursuing the "purpose of her life," proceeds to hunt down the man who so bitterly deceived her. He meditates flight, and in the last scene—the Lower Landing of the old Pier—is waiting the arrival of his second wife, Charlotte, and her child, in order to sail away with them in his yacht. Edwin Ross, who falls in love with Patience, is the first to upbraid him, and at the sight of his first wife, who meets him on the landing, the wretched man falls into the sea. He is hauled in again nearly dead, and with his last breath proclaims to all present his only real wife was Patience Proudly. The shock of his death destroys her reason, and upon this the curtain falls. Miss Marriott plays her arduous character with consummate skill, and in all the emotional situations her vehement but most truthful delineation of human suffering and despair brought down unbounded applause. She was called at the end of each act. Miss Leigh was a charming Charlotte Cheetham, and Miss Louise Pereira, who won an encore in a song, "Silver Moonlight," was highly animated in the character of the Scotch "lassy," Totty Ross. Mrs. J. F. Saville, Mr. J. H. Slater, Mr. W. Holland, Mr. R. Norman, Mr. John Rouse, and Mr. J. Collier, all played their respective parts with care. The piece is put upon the stage with more than ordinary care, and the two tableaux, Craigmillar Farm and the View of Portobello, are really beautiful.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE** will re-open this evening (Saturday) for two weeks, when several favourite operas will be produced, under the conductorship of Signor Arditi. "Faust" will be performed to-night, with the following cast:—Faust, Signor Morini; Mephistopheles, Signor Gassier; Valentino, Mr. Sautley; Siebel, Madame Demerice Lablache; Martha, Mlle. Bauermeister; and Margherita, Mlle. Titiens. On Monday, "Norma," and on Tuesday, Weber's "Der Freischütz."

**CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The Saturday afternoon concerts are still carried on here with the utmost spirit. Last Saturday upwards of 6,000 visitors were present. The singers for this day's concert will be selected from Her Majesty's Theatre.

**MR. ALFRED METLON'S CONCERTS** at Covent Garden continue their varied and attractive career.

**MR. G. W. MARTIN** has been entrusted with the vocal arrangements for the Lord Mayor's banquet, on the 9th of November.

**ARTEMUS WARD.**—This veritable personage is shortly to appear at the Egyptian Hall.

The concert given by the band of the First Surrey Rifles, in Brussels, produced the sum of 1,318 francs.

**ROGER WILLIAMS.**—Ninety years after his death—that is, in 1771—steps were taken to erect some suitable monument to the memory of the founder of Rhode Island, but the storms of the revolution came on, and the work was forgotten. Recently the subject has been revived, and Roger Williams may yet have some outward sign to mark his greatness and perpetuate his name. The precise locality of his grave has been carefully ascertained and examined. On scraping off the turf from the surface of the ground the dim outlines of seven graves were found, contained within less than one square rod. In colonial times each family had its own burial ground, which was usually near the family residence. Three of these seven graves are those of children, the remaining four were adults. The easterly grave was identified as that of Mr. Williams. On digging down into the "charnel house" it was found that everything was passed into oblivion. The shapes of the coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter the thickness of the edges of the sides of the coffins, with their ends distinctly defined. The rusted remains of the hinges and nails, with a few fragments of wood and a single round knot was all that could be gathered from his grave. In the grave of his wife there was not a trace of anything save a single lock of braided hair which had survived the lapse of more than 180 years. Near the grave stood a venerable apple-tree, when and by whom planted is not known. This tree had sent two of its main roots into the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The larger root had pushed its way through the earth till it reached the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams. There, making a turn as if going round the skull, it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where they both turned upward to the toe. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which makes the whole bear a very close resemblance to the human form. The graves were emptied of every particle of human dust. It is known to chemistry that all flesh, and the gelatinous matter giving consistency to the bones, are resolved into carbonic acid gas, water and air, while the solid lime dust usually remains. But in this case even the phosphate of lime of both graves was all gone. There stood the "guilty apple-tree" caught in the very act of "robbing the grave." The organic matter of Roger Williams had passed into the woody fibre and bloomed in the apple blossoms, and had become pleasant to the eye; and more, it had gone into the fruit from year to year, so that the question might be asked, who ate Roger Williams?—*Hartford (Connecticut) Journal.*

## THEATRES &amp; MUSIC HALLS.

THE four summonses obtained against Mr. Meacock, the proprietor of the Metropolitan Music Hall, Edgware-road, for a theatrical representation of "Valentine and Orson," were on Saturday called on before Mr. Tyrwhitt at Marylebone Police-court.

Mr. Montagu Williams, instructed by Mr. William S. Webster, solicitor to the London and Provincial Theatrical Managers' Association, and Mr. J. O. Pawle appeared to support the summonses; Mr. F. Lewis for the defendant.

On the summonses being called on,

Mr. Montagu Williams said: Sir, these are summonses taken out against a gentleman of the name of Meacock, who is the proprietor of the Metropolitan Music Hall, for allowing to be performed at his hall stage plays, in contravention of the Act of Parliament. The Metropolitan Music Hall is owned by Mr. Meacock, and a short time ago some playbills were issued announcing that "Valentine and Orson" would be performed there. I am instructed by Mr. Webster, of Ely-place, who acts on behalf of the managers of the metropolitan theatres, to appear in support of these summonses. It appeared to Mr. Webster, in perusing the playbill, that it was not at all improbable that "Valentine and Orson," which was produced at the Metropolitan Music Hall, was either a burlesque, which had been formerly performed under the Kedgey management at the Lyceum, or the old drama of "Valentine and Orson," with which, I have no doubt, your worship is familiar—the old story of "Valentine and Orson and the Bear." Accordingly, sir, their attention being called to the playbill, which gave the names of the characters, Pepin, King of France, by one performer, Valentine by another, and so on throughout the whole list, giving the programme of characters and performers entire, clearly showing that it was a stage play, they thought they would go and see what was really going on at this music hall. They went, and whilst there they found that the piece was nothing more than Cumberland's acting edition of "Valentine and Orson" cut up into parts, three of those parts being acted. These people at the Metropolitan Music Hall did not think fit to stop there; but they in the body of the hall sold copies of the play as performed, one of which copies I hold in my hand. After looking over it, and comparing it with Cumberland's acting edition, we find it nearly word for word the old drama which was formerly represented at the theatres. There was at one time a contention before you what was a stage play and what not, and it was asserted that if words were not spoken the piece was not a stage play. Now, we have acted throughout on that assumption.

The magistrate: Were the words of the play spoken at this music hall? Mr. Montagu Williams: Yes, spoken; and we sent down to the music hall persons who were adepts, who knew what a stage play was, to look at it. Mr. Meacock does not stop at the representation and the selling of the books, but he issues a programme, and after giving the names of several talented people who perform—Miss Nelly Power, Miss Georgina Smithson, no doubt very charming young ladies—he puts at the bottom of the bill that a screaming farce will be performed, the characters to be supported by performers from the London theatres. My clients then thought it was high time that they should interfere, and these summonses, four in number, were taken out. I believe a very well-known farce, in which Mr. Buckstone performed at the Haymarket, "Box and Cox," was played there, utterly regardless of law or right; and these performances were played in the same way as at the theatres. Now, sir, I am bound to tell you that the theatrical managers moving in this matter have on all occasions, when about to proceed against music halls for an infringement of their rights, thought proper to give the music hall proprietors notice of their intention to proceed; but in this case the infringement was so flagrant that, acting on my advice, they gave no notice, but took out the summonses. My friend Mr. Lewis, who appears here for the defendant, now says he is quite willing to take a verdict of "Guilty" on one of the summonses, and he will undertake that everything that is acted shall be taken out of the bill, leaving us, if they go on with their performances, at liberty to proceed against them on the other summonses. We agree to that, and will take a nominal penalty, and not proceed further on the present occasion.

The magistrate: Is it by consent then? Mr. Montagu Williams: Yes, sir; it is by consent. We ask for a conviction and for a penalty of a nominal sum, by way of fine, Mr. Meacock undertaking to strike out that which makes his piece a stage performance. If he does that, he will hear no more of the summonses, and you will not hear of me, of "Valentine and Orson," of my friend, or of the Bear.

Mr. F. Lewis: There is no doubt, sir, that Mr. Meacock has exceeded his powers under the Act of Parliament, and he is willing to plead guilty to this summons. The piece will be withdrawn from the bills. Mr. Meacock is fully aware that he is bound to obey this Act of Parliament until a more enlightened piece of legislation takes place, and theatres and music halls are placed on a more favourable footing than they now are.

The magistrate: They know what I think about it.

Mr. Montagu Williams: You will inflict a nominal fine of 40s. and costs.

The magistrate: Yes, a nominal fine of 40s.

Mr. F. Lewis: Oh, dear, no; a fine of 1s. will meet the justice of the case.

Mr. Montagu Williams: No; I must say 40s. is little enough. A fine of 1s. would be absurd, seeing the enormous profits you have made by the infringement of our rights.

The magistrate: I shall inflict the nominal fine of 40s. and costs.

One of the summonses was then dismissed on payment of a penalty of 40s. and the sum of twenty-five guineas costs was arranged between the parties to be paid to the complainants.

The magistrate: I have already given my opinion as to what is a stage play. I still adhere to that opinion, and I don't consider that the judgment of the Court of Common Pleas has at all interfered with my decision.

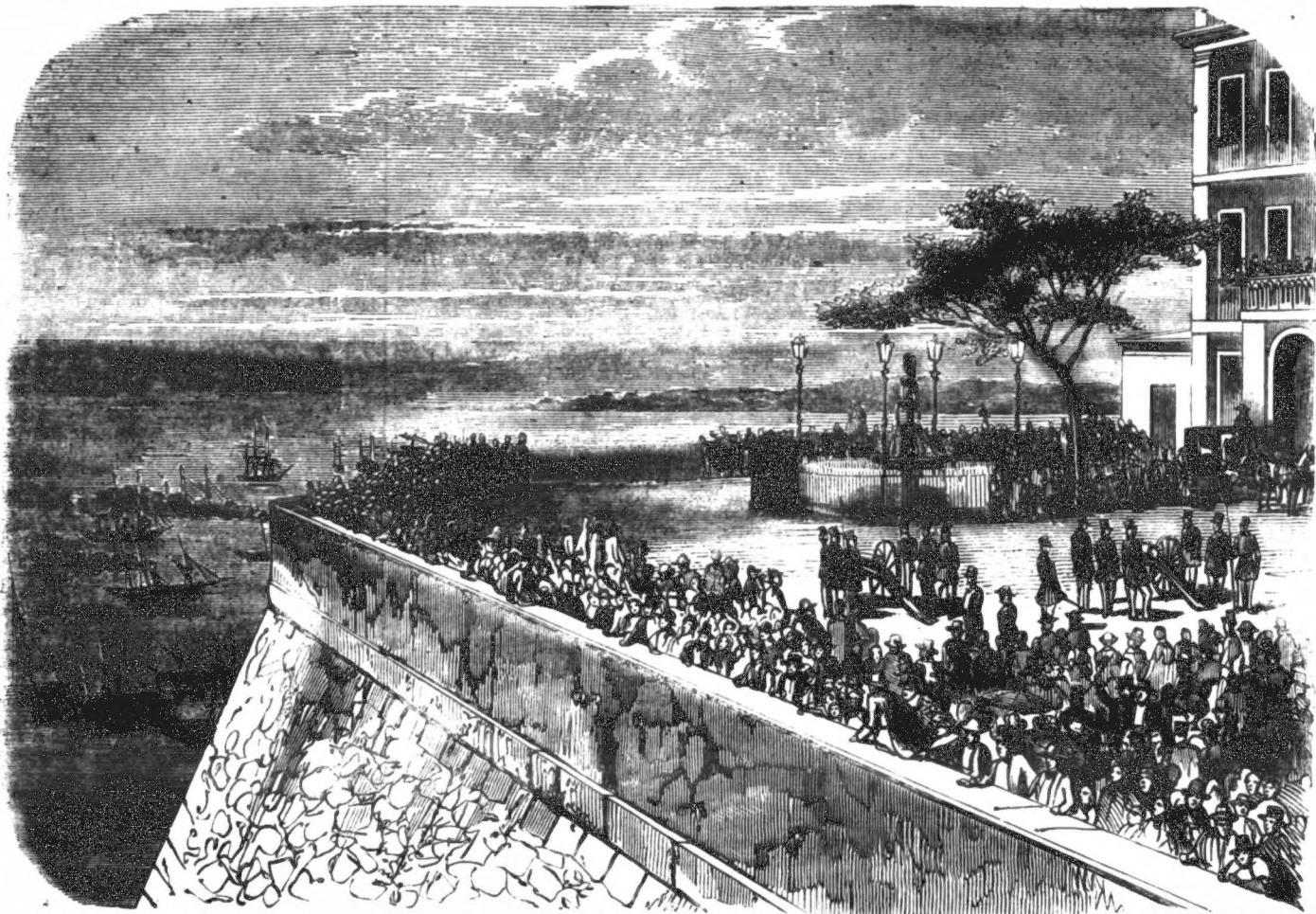
## THE BRAZILIAN WAR.

LAST week we gave the particulars of the recent battle between the Brazilians and Paraguayans, in which the former were victorious. On pages 328 and 329 will be found two engravings of the reception of the news at Bahia, the ancient capital of Brazil.

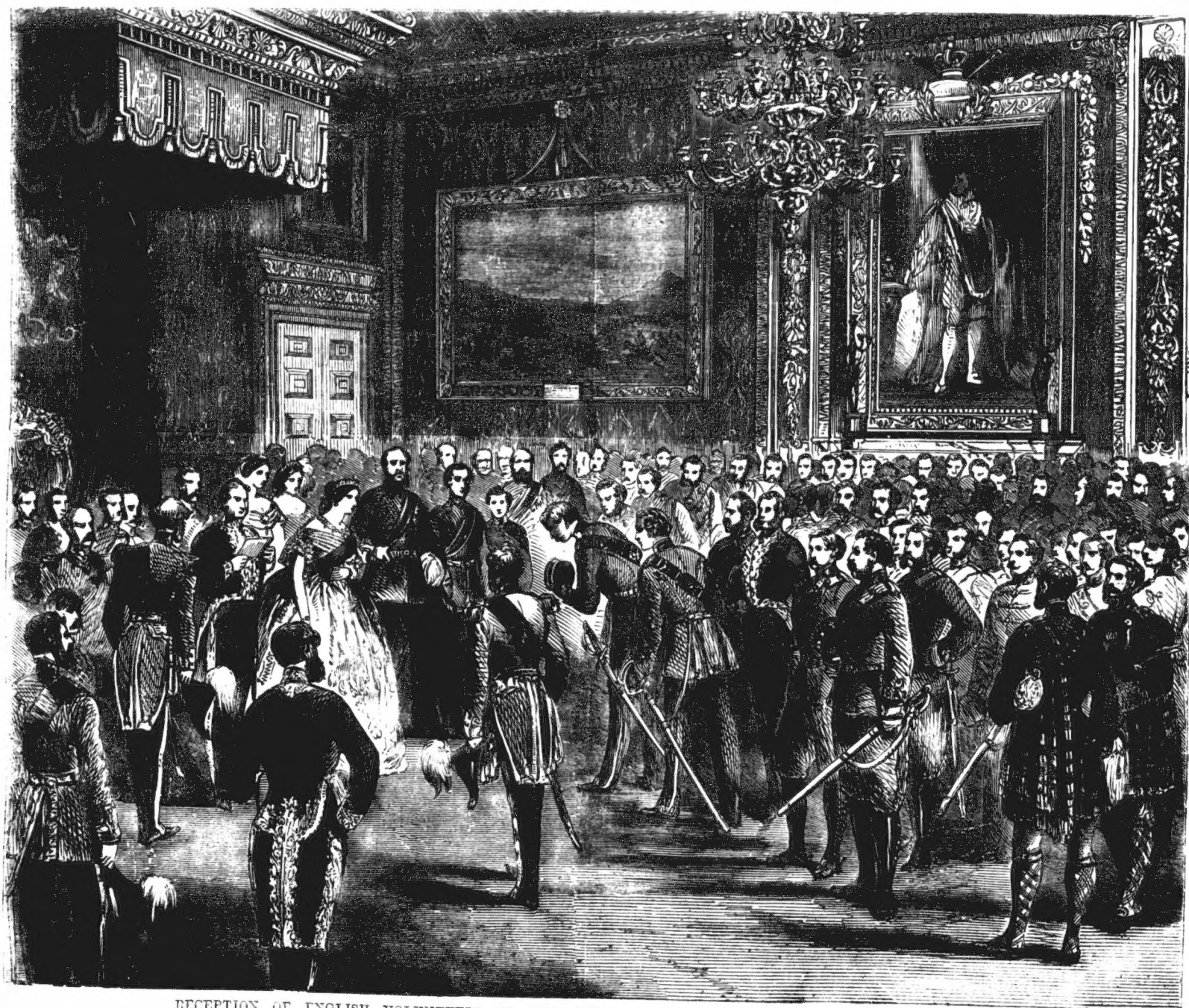
## THE VOLUNTEERS AT BRUSSELS.

HAVING followed the English volunteers to Brussels, and given several illustrations of their progress, with lengthened details, we this week conclude our engravings of the interesting event by giving two more illustrations, which will be found on pages 328 and 329. The particulars have already appeared.



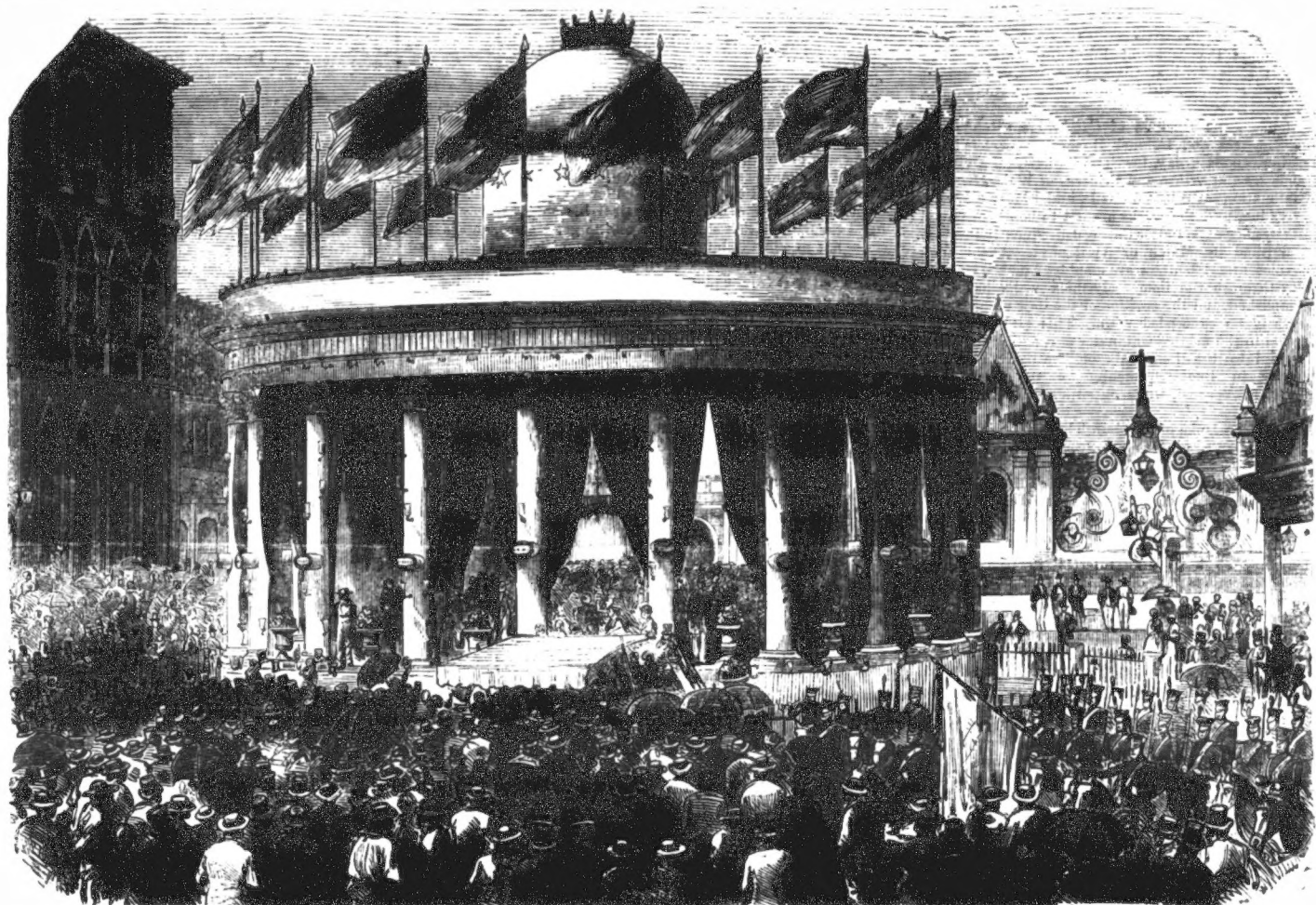


THE WAR IN BRAZIL.—ARRIVAL AT BAHIA OF THE NEWS OF THE DEFEAT OF THE PARAGUYANS. (See page 327.)



RECEPTION OF ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS BY THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS. (See page 327.)





THE WAR IN BRAZIL.—READING THE WAR DESPATCHES AT BAHIA. (See page 327.)



BANQUET TO THE ENGLISH VOLUNTEERS AT BRUSSELS. (See page 327.)



## The Court.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, attended by Lieutenant Haig, R.E., arrived at Clarence House, St. James's, early on Sunday morning, from visiting the Duke of Roxburghe, at Floors Castle, near Kelso.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge, attended by Lady Geraldine Somerset and Colonel Home Purves, left Cambridge Cottage, Kew, on Saturday, for Sandringham, on a visit to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The extensive alterations at Windsor Castle, under Messrs. Myers, are steadily progressing, and the works are not to be discontinued while her Majesty resides at Windsor Castle, consequently they are expected to be finished by March or April next. At this time nearly 100 mechanics and labourers are employed on the works; the cutting away through the immensely thick walls has been successfully accomplished, and the erection of the new stone grand staircase will shortly be proceeded with. This alteration will cause an obstruction to the magnificent, extensive, and direct view through the castle into the long walk on the south side and the distant country in Buckinghamshire on the north side. These alterations, it is expected, will cost not less than 10,000l.—*Court Journal*.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh left Clarence House, St. James's on Monday, on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham.

On Tuesday the Prince and Princess of Wales left Sandringham for Norwich, to be present at the musical festival held there.

### CONCERT AT BALMORAL CASTLE.

At a time when English "village concerts" are obtaining so much publicity and creating so healthy an interest in part-singing through the communications in our columns of Mr. Frank Summerley and other gentlemen, it may not be amiss to devote a few additional lines to the concert briefly noticed the other day, under the usual "Court Circular" heading, as given last week at Balmoral Castle, in presence of her Majesty the Queen, by the Crathie Musical Association. In the relation of the getting up of the English village concerts apologetic reference is made to the difficulty, in so limited a circle, of procuring anything like trained aid in carrying out the performance; how much stronger a plea might be urged in behalf of the Highland harmonists may be inferred from the fact that the members of this little musical association at Crathie have on a practising night to walk and drive from four to seven miles to the place of meeting. They number when in full force about thirty; they are the sons and daughters of the farmers and cottars in the district around Balmoral, and for the most part constitute the choir of the parish church at Crathie, the place of worship of her Majesty, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Court when resident on Balmoral. Through the foresight of Dr. Robertson, Commissioner at Balmoral to the Queen, the services of a gentleman was, in the late Prince Consort's time, secured for her Majesty's school at Strathgairn, who, in addition to his general teaching qualifications, possessed excellent musical abilities. This gentleman, Mr. Patrick Kidd, became precursor of Crathie Church, hence the formation and progress of the association whose concert is under notice. It would not be expected, in the circumstances detailed, that the programme of the Balmoral Castle performance should be a very ambitious one, yet it will not be without interest to part-singers, and it may therefore be here noted. The first two numbers were sacred—Dr. Whitfield's "In Jewry is God known," and an anthem, "Sing unto God," by R. A. Smith, a musician who did good service to Scottish psalmody, but whose name will live longest from his setting of Tannahill's song of "The Flower of Dunblane." Then followed Mr. Brinsley Richards's popular semi-national "God Bless the Prince of Wales," and after that a pleasant part song for treble, alto, and bass, entitled "Waiting for the May," a piece of American growth. The next three numbers were of Scotch birth—namely, "The Birks of Aberfeldie" (a slight liberty with Burns's "Birks of Aberfeldie," in consideration of the locale of the concert), then the fine old air of "Ca' the Howes to the Knowes," arranged as a duet for trebles (sung with so much artless grace by two of the Highland maidens, that her Majesty was pleased to command its repetition), and after this Burns's song of "Afton Water," the music by the late Alexander Hume, and one of the prettiest of modern Scotch melodies Lord Mornington's always acceptable and effective glee, "Here in cool grove," brought the association out in their strength again; the following number, the plaintive "Thou hast left me ever, Jamie," the air which Burns said, when played slow by Fraser, the Edinburgh eboe performer, breathed the "language of despair," affording the members a favourable opportunity of displaying their power of rendering the plaintive wail-like music of Scotland. The National Anthem brought the concert to a close, when her Majesty was graciously pleased to personally compliment Mr. Kidd and friends on their excellence as part singers. The members of the association were entertained at supper previous to leaving the Highland palace.—*Times*.

**KEEPING HER WORD.**—Miss Caroline Brewer, aged about seventy years, died in the Almshouse in Portland, Maine, on the 28th ult. She had been an inmate of the house for the last thirty-five years, and had not spoken a word in all that time. Having been disappointed in love in early life she made a vow never to speak another word, and she religiously kept her vow till her tongue was paralysed in death.—*New York Times*.

**A FEMALE CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS.**—We read in the *New York Herald*—"That smart, intelligent, enterprising, and fascinating lady, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, is up for Congress against the Hon. Mr. James Brooks. Against such a competitor what ought Mr. Brooks to do? He is a ladies' man, and common gallantry requires his retirement in her favour."

When there's a lady in the case,  
Of course, all other things give place.

Mr. Brooks, then, ought to surrender gracefully and graciously in favour of the first petticoat for Congress. Why not? He did the best he could do at the 1st session of Congress to assist Thad Stevens in behalf of negroes' rights and negro suffrage; and Mrs. Stanton will do this, if elected, with far greater ability; and, in addition to this, she will stir up every spark of gallantry in Congress in behalf of woman's rights and woman suffrage. Moreover, with an influential lady in the House of Representatives, the roughs of that body will no longer make it a Tammany Hall. Let Mr. Brooks retire.

**THROAT REMEDY.**—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which have proved so successful in America, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarse-ness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported, a dozen in this country at 1s. 1d. per box. Some of the most eminent singers of the "Royal Italian Opera," London, pronounce them the best article for Hoarse-ness ever offered to the public. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable." So do by all chemists.—*Advertisement*.

## Sporting.

### BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.

The attention of the large assemblage of members at the subscription room to-day was almost wholly devoted to the business of settling, and so slowly did matters proceed that it was not completed until an unusually late hour. No instances of absenteeism came to our knowledge, although we heard several complaints of the tardiness exhibited in certain quarters. The winner of the Cambridgeshire was not backed for a very large amount, as the continuous offer of 16 to 1 against her amply testify. The general theory was that she was certain to get a place, and just as certain not to win absolutely—a belief in which the owner and his friends are said to have shared, their winnings being drawn for the most part from "place" investments. The Derby betting was dull, consisting only of an investment here and there, upon the undermentioned horses. The prices at the close were as follow:—

**LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP.**—100 to 12 agst Mr. W. Day's The Special (t and off), 10 to 1 agst Mr. Thellusson's Actae (t and off), 12 to 1 agst Lord Poulett's Nu (t), 100 to 7 agst Mr. J. Godding's Jollity (t), 100 to 7 agst Mr. Pryor's Miss Harriette (off), 100 to 7 agst Mr. Graham's Caitness (off), 20 to 1 agst Captain G. Day's Salpicies (off), 20 to 1 agst Mr. H. Wilkinson's East Lynne (t and off), 25 to 1 agst Mr. W. Mosley's Sportsman (off).

**THE DERBY.**—8 to 1 agst Mr. Pryor's The Rake (off), 100 to 8 agst Mr. Chaplin's Hermit (t), 100 to 7 agst Mr. Savile's D'Estournel (t), 40 to 1 agst Lord Exeter's Grand Cross (t), 50 to 1 agst Count P. de Lagrange's Enchanteur (t).

### THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

#### GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

**FLOWER GARDEN.**—Dig up and divide herbaceous plants where they are too large; look over auriculas, and take off all dead leaves; hasten in all descriptions of bulbs before the ground becomes too wet; attend to pits and frames, and give all air possible during the day, but carefully close them at night. Prepare compost for potting, and continue to remove shrubs.

**KITCHEN GARDEN.**—Continue to trench up all ground not required for winter crops, and keep all free from litter. Finish planting cauliflowers, cabbages, lettuces, coleworts, endive, garlic, shallots, &c. Look to mushroom beds, and give air occasionally.

**FRUIT GARDEN.**—Proceed with all heavy ground work, such as draining, trenching, making new borders, &c. Cut away ill-placed branches of standard apples and pears, and keep the centre of the trees open. Prune and put in cuttings of currants and gooseberries; transplant peaches and nectarines, manure and fork over plantations of strawberries, and secure branches of vines to walls, but leave the pruning till spring, except cutting off the unripe tops.

HER MAJESTY has been pleased, through Lord Derby, to confer a pension of 75l. a-year on the widow of the late Mr. Godfrey Sykes, formerly a pupil and teacher of the Sheffield School of Art, and the architectural decorator of the South Kensington Museum.

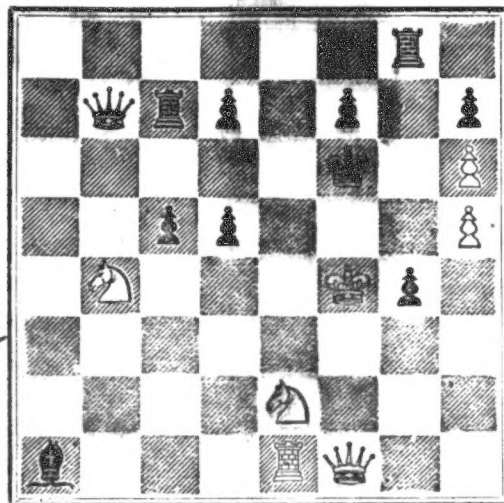
**ATROCIOUS OUTRAGE.**—A CHILD KILLED BY BLOWING-UP A HOUSE.—On Friday evening, a child named Reed died at Houghton-le-Spring (a pit village about half-way between Sunderland and Durham) from the following outrageous circumstances:—It appears that a pitman, named Brownlee, working at Houghton Colliery, and residing at the new houses near the pit, a mad sort of fellow, given to occasional drinking bouts, has been off work for some time, and has entertained a grudge against some of his neighbours. On Thursday, the 18th instant, he had sent his daughter-in-law to procure him, on different occasions, pots of rum. After the last occasion he desired her to call in a Mrs. Ann Reed, the wife of a neighbouring pitman, and Mrs. Reed obeyed the call, taking with her to Brownlee's house an infant child two years old. The man's daughter-in-law was busy attending to some cooking, and noticed the kitchen poker red-hot in the fire, but before she could remove it, Brownlee stepped forward, seized the poker, and rammed it into a small open barrel of powder, which, like all pitmen, he kept in the house for blasting while at his work. The effect of the explosion that followed was terrific; the roof of the house was nearly all carried away, the warehouse at the rear was blown down, the window was blown out, and the goods in the house were nearly all destroyed. The five persons inside suffered most, and there seems to be no doubt that the intention of Brownlee was to destroy them all with himself. Mrs. Reed was severely injured, and the infant in her arms was so badly burnt that it lingered on until Friday night, when it died. Brownlee himself escaped with the least injuries, but his daughter-in-law suffered a great deal. She now lies in the workhouse in a condition which gives little hope of recovery. Brownlee himself is in custody of the police, awaiting the result of the coroner's inquest to be held.—*Leeds Mercury*.

**A MAN KILLED BY HIS WIFE.**—A very shocking affair occurred at Preston on Sunday night. An oiler at a factory, named George Osbaldeston, living at 69, Crown-street, has been out of employment for some time, and has been maintained by the earnings of his wife, Agnes, who is a reverer at a cotton-mill, and those of an elder son, a youth about eighteen years old. The wife had been in the habit of taking drink at the end of each week, and as their income was necessarily small this enraged the husband, who frequently beat her, and then followed her example at the public-house. About nine o'clock on Sunday night she was in the house airing a shirt, when he came home, and seeing that she had had something to drink began to curse and swear, and struck her several times with his fist, and knocked her down. She struck him in return. Eventually they ceased blows, but continued abuse. She began to prepare supper for her son, and whilst doing so her husband called her some very foul names. She became very passionate, and threatened that if he continued to act as he had done she would run into him a knife with which she was cutting some bread. He then jumped up furiously and struck her again, whereupon she brandished the knife, and threw it at him. It struck him on the neck, severed the principal artery, and caused his death almost instantaneously. On Monday forenoon she was brought up at the Preston Police-court, when the above facts having been detailed in evidence the prisoner was remanded. When charged with the offence the prisoner said, "I was making some tea when he struck me, and I threw the knife. God knows I did not mean to hurt him." The deceased was about forty-six years of age, and the prisoner is between forty-eight and forty-nine. They have been married about twenty-six years, and have two children, one eighteen and the other fourteen. Their quarrels have been so frequent that the neighbours on Sunday night paid no attention to what was going on.

## Chess.

### PROBLEM NO. 391.—By SPHYNX.

Black.

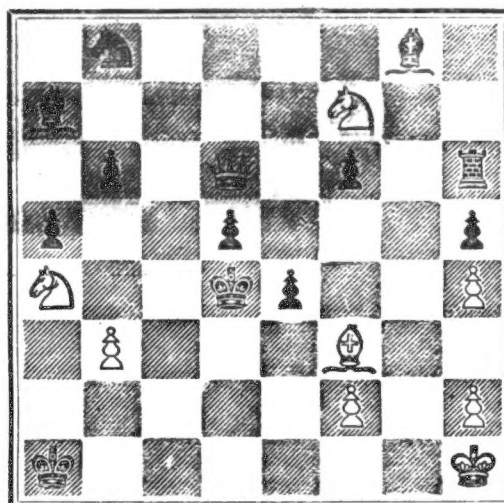


White.

White to move, and mate in four moves.

### PROBLEM NO. 392.—By HERR VORWERK.\*

Black.



White.

White to move, and mate in three moves.

\* [New Berliner Schachzeitung]

Game between Messrs. Sarratt and Lamming.

- | White.<br>Mr. Sarratt.                      | Black.<br>Mr. G. E. Lamming. |
|---|------------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4                                 | 1. P to K 4                  |
| 2. P to K B 4                               | 2. P takes P                 |
| 3. Kt to K B 3                              | 3. P to K Kt 4               |
| 4. B to Q B 4                               | 4. B to B Kt 2               |
| 5. Castles                                  | 5. P to Q 3                  |
| 6. P to Q B 3                               | 6. P to K R 3                |
| 7. P to Q 4                                 | 7. Kt to K B 3 (a)           |
| 8. P to K 5                                 | 8. Kt to K 5                 |
| 9. Q to Q Kt 3 (b)                          | 9. Q to Q 2                  |
| 10. R to K square (c)                       | 10. P takes P                |
| 11. R takes Kt                              | 11. P to K B 4 (d)           |
| 12. Kt takes K P                            | 12. B takes Kt               |
| 13. R takes B (ch) (e)                      | 13. K to B                   |
| 14. B to K 6                                | 14. Q to Q square            |
| 15. R takes P (ch)                          | 15. K to Kt 2                |
| 16. R to K B 7 (ch)                         | 16. K to Kt 3 (f)            |
| 17. Q to Q B 2 (ch)                         | 17. K to R 4                 |
| 18. Q to K 2 (ch)                           | 18. K to Kt 3                |
| 19. Q to K 4 (ch)                           | 19. K to R 4                 |
| 20. R to K Kt 7                             | 20. B takes B                |
| 21. Q takes B                               | 21. Q to Q B square (g)      |
| 22. Q to K B 7 (ch)                         | 22. K to K 5                 |
| 23. B takes K B P, and mates in four moves. |                              |

(a) This move was the cause of all Black's difficulties, and is a bad move at this point.

(b) This is the correct answer to Black's play.

(c) Again correct and accurate play. After this, Black must lose something.

(d) Played with the intention of getting a formidable phalanx of central Pawns, which White's rejoinder prevents.

(e) After this, Black has no resource.

(f) If to K Kt square, then mate in three moves.

(g) Black's only move to prevent immediate mate.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Tons are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every Genuine Pack's sign is Horniman and Co.—*Advertisement*.

**BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!**—T. R. WILLIS, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1831. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Musical Strings, and all kinds of stringed instruments free. 29, Minors, London. *Advertisement*.

**FIFTY PIANOS**, from 10s. the Month, for Hire, by Erard, Collard, Broadwood, &c. Several Cottages for Sale, at 10s. Useful pianofortes, from 5s. Instalments taken. Harmoniums, Harps, &c. Trade supplied.—At 8, High Holborn side door.—*Advertisement*.

**EXCELSIOR PRIZE MEDAL FAMILY SEWING AND EMBROIDERY MACHINES** for every home, are the simplest, cheapest, and best; doing every variety of domestic and fancy work in a superior manner. Lists free. Wright and Mann, 143, Holborn Bars, London. *Advertisement*.



## Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.  
MANSION HOUSE.

**THE GREAT DISCOVERY OF STOLEN PROPERTY.**—Moses Moses, a marine-store dealer so-called, who stands charged with being in the unlawful possession of an immense quantity of valuable property, including jewellery in great variety and ivory, which had been stolen, was on Monday brought up on remand before Mr. Alderman Finnis for further examination. The property, it will be recollected, was found in a warehouse in the occupation of the prisoner in Blackhorse-yard, Aldgate High-street, and at his house in Gravel-lane, Houndsditch, by some of the detective police, headed by Sergeant Moss, who had been employed to investigate the circumstances connected with a robbery of goods of the value of £140 from the prisoner's warehouse. The discovery was made quite unexpectedly, but the prisoner had long been under the suspicion of the police, and they availed themselves of the robbery at his warehouse to make a strict search of the place, which they found filled with miscellaneous goods, the jewellery and other valuable articles being secreted among rags. The case for the prosecution was conducted by Mr. Wontner, solicitor, for Messrs. Joyce, and generally by Superintendent Foster, of the City police; Mr. Lewis, solicitor, defended the prisoner. Mr. William Bourne Lewis, a civil engineer, having offices at 11, Great Queen-street, Westminster, was called, and identified a box and a number of valuable instruments, consisting of a theodolite and all the requisite apparatus, which had been found in the prisoner's possession. They were stolen, he said, on the night of August 5th, 1864, from his office on the ground floor, the thieves having, in the opinion of his housekeeper, Ann McDonald, entered the house by a skylight. Mr. Samuel Davey, of the firm of Farraday and Davey, 37, Hatton-garden, wholesale jewellers, identified, from a number of articles found in his possession by Sergeant Moss, a round turquoise brooch and other articles, a smaller brooch, a carbuncle brooch, a small turquoise filigree brooch, a small mourning brooch, two enamel fox-head pins, a turquoise horse-shoe pin, and five odd ear-rings, as their property. They had these goods in stock on September 21 last. The round turquoise brooch was made specially to order, and was given to their traveller with other jewellery, who afterwards reported that a bag containing it had been taken from his trap on the following day. The total value of the jewellery lost on that occasion was £300. Witness did not know the prisoner. George Taylor, who had been town traveller to Messrs. Farraday and Davey, was called, and proved that on September 22 last, whilst in their service, he took out several parcels of jewellery in a trap. Some of the parcels were inside the trap and some out. A man who accompanied him drove the trap. When opposite Whitechapel he missed a bag of jewellery from the foot-board, between twelve and one o'clock in the day. He went straight home and told his employers. There was between £200 and £300 worth of jewellery in the bag, and he now identified some of the articles which had since been found in the warehouse of prisoner. He believed the bag was stolen. He carried it on the foot-board because there was no room for it inside. He could not say positively that it was stolen. His employers afterwards discharged him, simply stating that they were dissatisfied with him. Police-constable Whitney proved that he searched the premises of the prisoner in Blackhorse-yard, and found among other articles two Brussels carpets under a large quantity of rags which were piled up to the ceiling. William Summerfield, clerk of an Independent chapel in Lower Clapton, identified the two carpets as having been stolen from the building on the night of March 21st last. Eventually the prisoner was again remanded till Monday next.

## WESTMINSTER.

**UNFOUNDED CHARGES AND FALSE IMPRISONMENT.**—Thomas Thomas, a labouring man, was charged with violently assaulting Elizabeth Perry, Barton, 111 B, proved that he was sent for to 19, Eccleston-place, and found the woman with blood upon her face. He did not know anything about the matter, but took the defendant upon her charge. Mr. Arnold: Where is the other man? The second party, named John Perry, a respectable-looking man, stood forward; and said that he was the woman's father. Thomas said that he had been drinking with the woman all the afternoon, when she suddenly attacked him, and after throwing herself about the place charged him. The father said that learning the wild state of his daughter he went to endeavour to appease her, and also was looked up by her without the least justification. Evidence was called, and it having transpired that the woman had committed a violent assault on a man named Rant, the magistrate issued a warrant against her, and the defendants were discharged upon their own recognisances.

## CLERKENWELL.

**ATTEMPTED BURGLARY.**—Thomas William Downing, alias Bury, and Joseph Hunt were charged, on remand, with attempting to break and enter the dwelling-house of Mr. Frederick Bryant, jeweller and watchmaker, of 265, New North-road, Islington. The prosecutor stated that between four and five o'clock on the morning of the 22nd inst. he was awake by hearing a noise as if one of his windows was being broken open. He jumped out of bed and looked out, giving an alarm, and saw two or three persons run away through his back garden, and then jump over the walls of the adjacent gardens. The catch of the window was forced back with a knife, and the marks on the window-frame were very plain. The top sash was down, and had he not given the alarm when he did there could be very little doubt that the prisoners would have gone in and stripped the place. The flower pots on the window-sill had all been removed. Police-constable George Davis, 109 N, said that about twenty minutes to five o'clock in the morning he heard cries of "police!" and went to the spot. At the rear of one of the houses, fourteen houses off, he found the prisoner Downing. He handed him over to the care of another constable, and then made a further search, and found the prisoner Hunt concealed in the dust-hole, and on him a knife corresponding with the marks on the window frame. When at the waiting room of this court the prisoner Downing said, "Would you advise me to plead guilty or not guilty?" He said that he should not advise him either one way or the other, and he then said that he should plead guilty; that they got over the walls at half-past one, had a sleep in an adjoining garden for two hours, and then commenced to break into the complainant's house. Police-constable Harmer, 166 N, said that he knew the prisoner Downing as an associate of thieves, and last year he was sentenced to three months' hard labour for picking pockets at the Agricultural Hall, Islington. The prisoners said that they had no answer to make to the charge. Mr. Partridge sentenced Downing to three months' hard labour, and the other prisoner to one month's hard labour.

**CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.**—John Freeman, aged 39, a sullen, dirty-

looking fellow, who described himself as a labourer, residing in Winfield-street, Spitalfields, was charged with cruelly ill-treating and beating a bullock in the Roman-road, Islington. Police-constable Brooks, of the Y division, said that on Monday afternoon he was on duty in the Roman-road, when he saw the prisoner, who was not a licensed drover, assisting a drover with a number of beasts. He beat some of them all along the St. James's-road to the Model Prison, and then one of the animals went to the side of the road. The prisoner followed and beat it, striking it two heavy blows on the hocks, which made the poor animal tremble as if it was suffering intense pain. He (witness) then went up and asked the prisoner why he beat the bullocks, and the only answer he made was that "It was all right," and he then took him into custody. The magistrate asked the prisoner if he had any questions to ask the constable? The prisoner (in a surly tone): I have no questions to ask him: I did not, at all events, hit the bullock as it was going along the road. The magistrate: Would you like an adjournment, so that you might produce the drover that was with you? The prisoner: No, sir; I don't want him here to prove anything for me. The magistrate: But can he prove anything? The prisoner: Perhaps he might; but I don't want him here. Police-constable Brooks: The prisoner has before been charged with similar offences, and the last time he was sent to— The magistrate: I don't want to hear about that. That is not the charge before me at present. To the prisoner: Do you think that if the case is adjourned, you can find the drover you were assisting? Would he prove that you did not ill-use the bullocks in the way described by the officer? The prisoner: I don't know. Perhaps he might; but I don't want him here. The magistrate adjourned the case for a few days, allowing the prisoner to be at large on his own recognisances, and he marked the charge-sheet, "Remanded, to enable a drover to call a witness." The prisoner then hastily left the court.

**DESERTER STREET OUTRAGE ON A SURGEON.**—William Steel, aged 25, of 42, Rotherfield-street, Islington, metropolitan police conductor, No. 4362, was charged with committing a most violent assault on Mr. J. Sigismund, surgeon, &c., of 148, Dowling-road, Islington, in the Essex-road. The complainant stated that on Monday night he was passing along the Essex-road, between eleven and twelve o'clock, when two women accosted him, and before he could get away they caught hold of him. He at once pushed them away, on which they called out "John" or "Bill," and the prisoner came up and said in a rough manner, "What do you want with these women—one of them is my wife." He told the prisoner to take the women away, as they could see that he did not want to have anything to do with them. Whilst he was speaking one of the prisoners ran off with his hat and stick. He ran after her and caught her, when he was surrounded by a mob of low cabmen and others, whose intentions he believed were to rob him; but his coat was fastened tightly, and they could not rob him. At that moment the prisoner caught hold of him by the throat with such force that the mark was visible this morning, and with the other hand he gave him a violent blow in the eye and bruised it. A constable at that moment came up and took the prisoner into custody, and afterwards took his (witness's) hat from under one of the women's shawls. When the prisoner first went up to him he pulled out a badge, and said, "You can see I am a conductor," and on the way to the police-station he said, "I can pay £1 for you—it will not hurt me." The prisoner said he did not wish to ask any questions, as he had been drinking. A gentleman confirmed the complainant's statement. He said he was walking along the Essex-road, just in front of the prosecutor, when he was accosted by two drunken prostitutes. He did not stop, but turned round and saw the women take hold of the prosecutor's arm, and call to the prisoner to come and help them. The women then ran away, and he saw the prisoner strike the complainant a violent blow in the eye. Had the policeman not come up at the time, he had no doubt but that the prosecutor would have been severely hurt. Police-constable Edwards, 446 A, said he saw a crowd of persons, and on going up to it he saw the prisoner take hold of the prosecutor by the throat with his left hand, and with the other hit him in the eye. The women that were with the prisoner were drunken prostitutes. The prisoner, he understood, is a conductor in the employ of the London General Omnibus Company. Mr. Barker: Did the prisoner strike the prosecutor a very violent blow? Witness: Yes, it was very violent. Mr. Barker: And he was squeezing the prosecutor by the throat? Witness: Yes; and the mark of the prisoner's hold was quite visible. The prisoner, in defence, said: I do not believe that I struck the prosecutor, as I was drunk. Mr. Barker said it was a pity the London General Omnibus Company did not know what sort of a conductor they had in their service. Instead of the prisoner having 1s. to pay, as he surmised on the way to the police-station, he would have to pay 2s., or, in default, be imprisoned and kept to hard labour in the House of Correction for one calendar month. The prisoner was locked up in default.

## MARYLEBONE.

**IMPUDENT AND DARING ROBBERY.**—William Berry, a powerful man, and Edward Murphy, well-dressed, were charged with stealing a gold watch-guard from the person of Isaac Taylor, value 12s. Mr. Lewis Lewis, of Ely-place, appeared for the prisoner Murphy. Isaac Taylor, a carpenter, residing at 5, Queen-street, Edgware-road, said: On Saturday evening last, at about half-past eight or nine o'clock, I was passing a public-house in the Edgware-road, when I saw a friend in there and went to speak to him. The prisoner Berry was there and "chucked" me on one side, and said I was not everybody, although I had got a gold chain. He then struck me several times on the chest, and I tried to get away from him, and he then caught me by the coat, which he unbuttoned, and then struck me on the eye. We both struggled and fell down. He was under, and I then saw him snatch my watch-guard. I accused him of stealing my watch, which I thought he had taken, but afterwards found that he had only the guard, which I saw him pass to the prisoner Murphy, who also punched me three times. I prevented them leaving the house by one door, but Murphy rushed to another and escaped by it, but was pursued and taken into custody. The chain cost me 5s. I having taken it out of pawn, where it was for 4s. 10s., but its real value is 10s. or 12s. I have not received the chain. Cross-examined by Mr. Lewis: I saw Berry about three years ago, when he robbed me. There were about twenty or thirty other persons in the bar, and I called to them for assistance, but they all appeared to be afraid of Berry. Wm. Nicholson, 186 X, said: When I took Berry into custody he said he only took the guard in a lark, and did not mean to steal it. I asked him who had the watch-guard, then, and he replied he threw it over the bar. Wm. Collier gave confirmatory evidence, and also spoke as to apprehending Murphy within three minutes from the time he left the house. It was stated by the police that there were several previous convictions against Berry. Mr. Mansfield committed both prisoners to the Old Bailey for trial. Murphy was then charged with stealing a clock, value 3s. 10s., also a silk umbrella, from the drawing-room of No. 41, Burlington-road, Paddington. It ap-

peared from the evidence that Murphy was seen on Sunday week last, about half-past seven o'clock in the evening, leaving the house in question with a parcel, and that he then joined another man who was waiting for him. The property had not been recovered. Committed for trial.

## THAMES.

**CRIME AND CHOLERA.**—Emma Mellum, aged 38, and recently landlady of the house No. 28, Tarling-street, St. George-in-the-East, was brought before Mr. Partridge, charged with stealing two silver watches, the property of William Mitchell, potman at a public-house, and three dresses, two shirts, five jackets, two night-dresses, two blinds, three towels, four petticoats, and other articles, the property of Catherine Clitheroe. Mitchell and Clitheroe were both lodgers in the house of the prisoner, and they were away for some time, the former in the public-house where he has been for some time employed, and the woman in the Cholera Hospital. On her return home cured, but very weak, she could not find the prisoner, and missed her property, worth about £5, which she had worked hard for. When Mitchell returned home he missed two silver watches, a silver guard, four table cloths, and two shirts, worth in all more than £5. An inquiry was made for the missing landlady by Police-sergeant Freeston, 58 K, who took her into custody in a coffee-house in the Whitechapel-road. She said, "Well, I have not taken all that I am accused of. I will give myself up." She had a shawl, a pair of drawers, and a white jacket in her arms. Freeston asked her if that was part of the stolen property, and she said it was. Mr. Charles Portman, a pawnbroker's assistant, said he advanced 30s. on one of the stolen watches, and that Mitchell said it was worth only 25s. Mr. Partridge: You understand the value best. There are more duplicates produced, and no doubt some or all relate to the stolen property. I will remand the prisoner for a week.

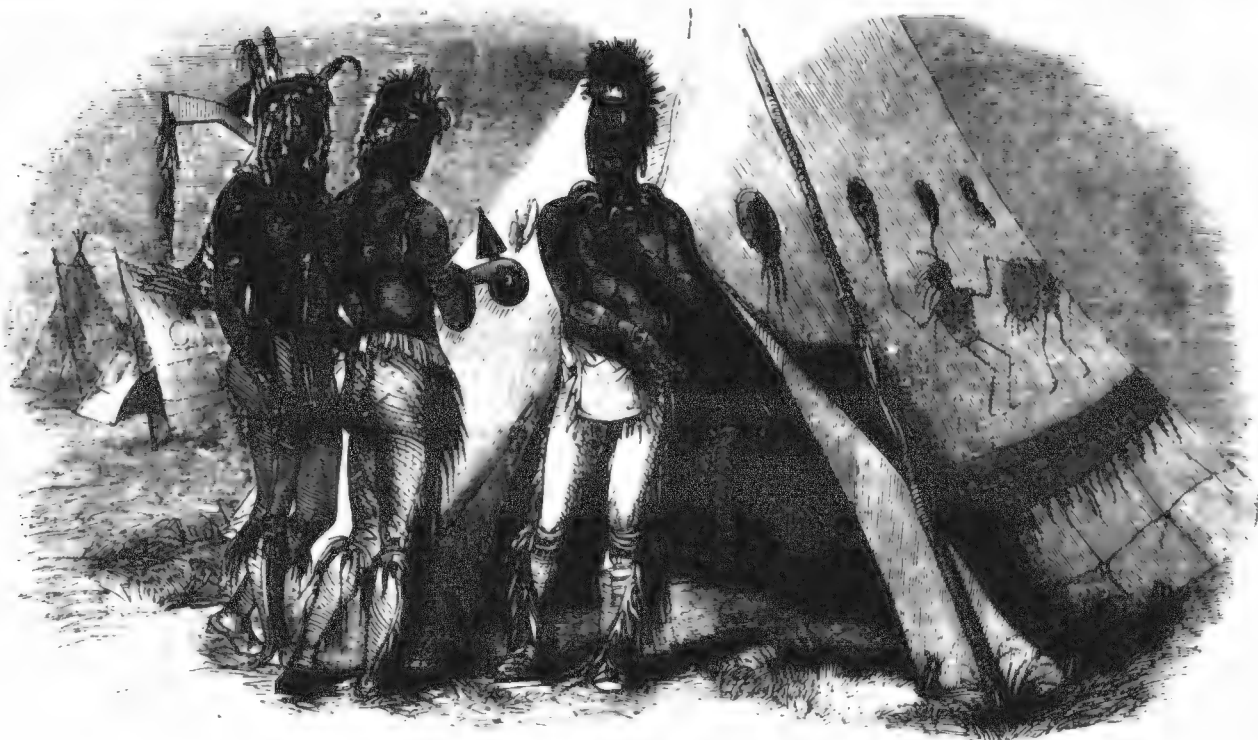
**"SUCKING THE MONKEY."**—John Barrett, a dock-labourer, was charged with being in possession of a tube, for the purpose of illegally sucking wines and brandies out of casks, and committing an offence called "sucking the monkey," but in other words sucking wine out of a cask in the London Dock. He was also charged with violently assaulting Robert Turner, a dock constable. On Saturday afternoon Turner saw the prisoner proceed to a quarter cask of wine on one of the quays, and insert a tube in the bung-hole. The prisoner had just begun to suck the monkey, when Turner pounced upon him, seized him by the collar, and said, "You are robbing the company." Prisoner immediately put the tube in his pocket, and said to the constable, "You —, if you don't let me go I will kill you," at the same time throwing him on his back on the stone pavement, and forcing his knees into the constable's chest. A struggle took place, and the people took the prisoner off the constable. The prisoner was forcing the complainant towards the basin when a police constable, named James Newberry, No. 36 H, came up and took the prisoner into custody. Turner, in conclusion, said if the constable had not come up he should have been thrown into the dock. Newberry confirmed the latter part of the constable's statement. He produced the tube. The prisoner was sober. The prisoner said he had been in the Dock Company's service fourteen years. The prisoner was sentenced to two months' imprisonment and hard labour for the assault on Turner.

**CANNIBALISM.**—Margaret Macarthy, alias Mog Callahan, a young Irishwoman, was brought before Mr. Paget, charged with violently assaulting Julia Delahay, and biting her lip off. On Saturday night there was a row in an Irish colony in the neighbourhood of Ratcliff-highway, and Mrs. Delahay's daughter was violently assaulted by the aunt and cousin of the prisoner. The present complainant had left the station-house about twenty minutes, when she returned with her mouth bleeding, and her under lip in her hand. It had been bitten off by the prisoner after her aunt and cousin were locked up. The prisoner evaded the search made for her until last night, when she was arrested by Police-sergeant Cox, 45 K, and on being told the charge said, "I wish I had bitten her head off." The assault by the prisoner was stated to be one of a violent nature, and the biting off the lip was clearly proved. Cox said the whole of the parties were persons of an infamous character, all dwelling in the vilest place in the district, Bluegate-fields and Victoria-place, partly in St. George-in-the-East and partly in Shadwell. Mr. Paget said he had sentenced the aunt and cousin of the prisoner to a month's imprisonment the previous day, he had formerly sentenced Mrs. Delahay to two months' imprisonment, her neighbour (Mrs. Mulcahy), the landlady of houses of bad repute, to the same term of imprisonment, and now in the same place, and among the same parties, a more atrocious outrage was committed. The complainant: Yes; I had two months, and Mrs. Mulcahy had two months for beating me, and they have sworn they will kill me. Mr. Paget did not know which was the worst of the lawless set—the prisoner and his relatives convicted before, or the prisoner, Mrs. Mulcahy, and others. If the sentence he had the power to inflict were not sufficient to suppress the outrages and riots in Bluegate-fields, he would send the parties to the sessions for trial. He remanded the prisoner.

## LAMBETH.

**BRUTAL OUTRAGE.**—Henry Osborn, 22, was charged before Mr. Elliott with maliciously stabbing a valuable mare, the property of the commissioners of police. George Morris, a mounted patrol, 225 A, said, that on Saturday night he was on duty at Lower Norwood, and was called by constable 42 P to assist him in dispersing a mob assembled close by. He rode up to the crowd, in which was the prisoner, and on his approach he said, "If you bring your — horse near me I'll rip his — open." On approaching a little nearer to him the prisoner made a thrust at his horse's side with an open knife which he had in his hand, and the horse instantly jumped on one side, which convinced him that the animal was injured. He in consequence at once laid hold of the prisoner, and held him until another constable came up and took him away, and he then found that his horse was wounded through the girth and bleeding. Police-constable 84 N said he heard the prisoner make use of the threats mentioned by the last witness, and saw the horse immediately after it had been wounded. Policeman 42 P deposed that some men had been turned out of a beer-house, and were about to fight, when a mob collected. Mr. Arthur Cherry, veterinary surgeon to the police, said he had examined a bay mare brought to him by the first witness, and found a wound close to the rib, about three-quarters of an inch long and about two inches in depth. It was a clean cut, and he thought it not improbable that the instrument by which it was inflicted had penetrated the cavity of the stomach. It was evident from the cut in the girth that the instrument by which the wound had been inflicted had first passed through it, and had not this been the case there is little doubt the wound would have been more serious, as the girth was strong and thick. The animal was going on very well at present, and it would be necessary to keep her quiet and without work for some time. The prisoner was fully committed for trial.





INDIAN OUTRAGES IN TEXAS.—KIOWA INDIANS GUARDING WHITE CAPTIVES. (See page 324.) J



THE DREADFUL FIRE AT QUEBEC.—TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED HOUSES DESTROYED. (See page 334.)



# IGNATIUS LOYOLA, THE FOUNDER OF THE JESUITS.

IGNATIUS, or Inigo Loyola, was a Biscayan officer of noble birth in the Spanish army, at the commencement of the reign of Charles V. He was a man of most enthusiastic mind, and had run through a career of gallantry and pleasure. Being severely wounded in an engagement, he was confined for a length of time previous to his recovery, during which a revolution gradually took place in his feelings and habits, and at length, when out of danger, he formed the determined resolution to devote the remainder of his life to piety and religious pursuits, for the purpose of reclaiming the minds of his fellow creatures from vanity and sin. The better to effect his purpose, he established the Order of the Jesuits. In 1534 he was in Paris, and Francis Xavier, Lainez, Salmeron, Bobadella, Rodriguez, and La Fevre having joined him, they entered into a solemn compact to maintain and propagate his views, which were strictly monarchical in politics, and, consequently, calculated to be a support to the holy see at Rome. It may naturally be supposed that the Pope (Paul III) was favourable to the order, and decided that the members should wear no monkish garb, but dress in black, like the secular priests. The first bull issued authorising the society was in 1540. Ignatius died 31st July, 1556, and was succeeded by Lainez. Since then the members of the order have spread themselves to every part of the globe. As great dissension and even hostile feelings and actions have awakened curiosity upon this subject, we have given a portrait of the founder, taken from a painting by Rubens, which is now in Warwick Castle, and we trust that the following statement relative to the proceedings of the society to the present time will be found to be interesting. The different establishments of the order are variously called. There are the houses of profession, which possess no property, and in which the father Jesuits—the professed of the order—live in common. The residences are establishments of less importance, and have the right of possessing property. The houses, properly so called, are embryo establishments in countries where the company has tried to penetrate. The missions are formed by isolated Jesuits, who feel their way. A mission becomes by degrees, by the adjunction of new members, a college, or a nursery, for the company, or a home of probation, or a residence. The seminaries are the special establishments in which the society gives its theological instruction.

On the suppression of the order by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773, most of the papers were destroyed. Notwithstanding the papal bull, the society continued to exist openly in Russia. The chiefs, in the interval, and until 1805, when the order was re-established by a bull of Pope Pius VII, assumed (instead of the name "general") the title of "Vicars-General in White Russia." In and out of Europe the Society of Jesus actually possesses fourteen provinces. It is at Rome that the general of the order resides, and in that city are concentrated the principal establishments.

**FATHER IGNATIUS AND HIS LONDON OPERATIONS.** On Thursday evening, the 25th ult., the Rev. Joseph Leycester Lyne, better known as "Father Ignatius," held a "chapter" in the Music-hall, Store-street, Bedford-square, for the purpose of reorganizing in London his monastic order of St. Benedict, which had fallen into confusion since he was compelled to abandon his monastery at Norwich. More than ordinary interest was felt in his proceedings in consequence of his recent correspondence with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who for a time entertained his proposals to become a licensed curate in his diocese, with a view to priest's orders. Several clergymen were present, and the large hall was well filled. On the west side a high altar was erected, and was gorgeously decorated. It had on it large quantities of



IGNATIUS LOYOLA, THE FOUNDER OF THE JESUITS.

white and red roses tastefully arranged, with sixty or seventy wax candles burning, and in the midst of all a crucifix. At seven o'clock a procession entered the hall, consisting of about a dozen young boys habited in red and white, the foremost of whom incensed the place and people as they entered, about a dozen young men robed in white, and six or eight persons who were habited in monks' hoods. Then came Father Ignatius, preceded by a cross bearer, and a clergyman who wore splendid embroidered vestments, chiefly of white and gold, with a cowl. This gentleman was the Rev. H. D. Nihil, of Jesus College, Oxford, curate of St. Michael and All Angels, Shoreditch. Mr. Nihil, standing at a small desk at the side of the altar, performed what were termed "The Benedictine Vespers," assisted by the surpliced choir. Having unrobed, he assumed his position as "Prior" of the order, in which he bears the designation of "Father Basil." He said he had become "prior" simply in consequence of the command of their superior,

Father Ignatius. It could be of no use to disguise the fact from themselves that the members of the order of St. Benedict had passed through very troublous times of late, and had been placed in the position of an army struck with a sudden panic. He had received the superior's commands to take up the trumpet and blow it so that the scattered forces might be to some extent re-collected, but he could not retain office long on account of the pressing necessities of the parish in which he was engaged. He had just said Benedictine Vespers, and he knew there had been many shortcomings, for he must admit that he shrank from such a solemn office in a music-hall. He trusted that that would be the last time they would have occasion to use a music-hall for such a purpose, and that soon the Benedictines would have a chapel of their own. Two ideas had been oscillating in their superior's mind—one of them being in connexion with a monastery, and another in connexion with obtaining priest's orders and taking parochial work. He hoped their superior would think nothing about parochial work, for he would soon find a way to live with his own monks altogether in a monastery, although he had been turned out of Norwich, and by this means he would be able to encourage the religious life of the order.

The names of the members of the order were then called over. Most of them bore the title of saint.

Father Ignatius then ascended the steps of the altar, and delivered an eloquent and impassioned address. He expressed his conviction that the enemies of the Church were becoming stronger every day, and that they were to be found for the most part within the walls of the Church itself. In fighting for the awakening of spiritual life in the Church there must necessarily be some departure from conventionalities—they must go forward to take the world by storm. That it was that had urged him, a young deacon of the Church, to enter upon the work he had undertaken; such a work as had never been known in the Church since the days of the great Ignatius. His great desire was to secure such a living of vital, spiritual reality, as had not been seen in this generation. The Benedictines, therefore, would consist of three orders—the first of persons who would devote themselves wholly to religion, and give up all worldly pleasures for a monastic life; the second, of those who could not give themselves up entirely, but who might be desirous of leading an active life of charity; and the third, of those engaged in businesses and professions—men, women, and youths—who might be willing to give up some of their time to teaching night schools or doing some other pious work. With regard to the first, he hoped to be able to open a monastery next month, but if he had not proper persons to act with him he should never be able to leave the monastery for a single day without fearing that all their troubles might come upon them over again. He hoped to be able to form in London that evening a chapter of the third order, and to

open a house of the second order, where young men might live in community and engage in spiritual works. It would require £300 for the monastery, and £500 for the house of the second order, which would be supported, to a great extent, by the contributions of the members of the third order. After an earnest appeal for help Father Ignatius descended from the altar, and took his place at a little table in the centre of the hall. The rules of the proposed orders were read and discussed in a very business-like manner, and many members were enrolled.

The meeting was dismissed by the apostolic benediction.

**CONSUMPTION OF PAPER.**—The quantity of paper used every year in England represents 220,000,000 of pounds. France uses 195,000,000 of pounds; while the United States of America, with a much smaller population, consumes more paper than England and France put together, viz., 440,000,000 of pounds.

## Literature.

### FABIAN; OR, THE BINDING OATH.

"It will have blood—they say, blood will have blood. Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak; Agurs and understood relations have, By maggot pies, and choughs, and nooks, brought forth The secret man of blood. These are more strange Than such a murder is."

Macbeth.

RICHARD FABIAN, a man of middle age, unmarried, and of respectable parentage and education, at the time to which we refer was a bankrupt tradesman; and, whether he judged rightly or not, he believed that his reputation suffered as badly at the hands of his principal creditors as if he had been intentionally dishonest, instead of upright but unfortunate in the management of his affairs. His proud but morbidly sensitive spirit was galled and bowed by neglect and distrust, and he fretted his health and energy away at an obscure city hotel, where, without money, he remained, uncertain what to do; when chance brought to the place a stranger to the city—a young man of wealth, refinement, generosity, and prepossessing appearance, named Louis Estevan—who stopped for several days, and was profuse and careless in the display of money, a large amount of which he was generally known to carry about his person. A friendly intimacy soon appeared to exist between Fabian and Estevan; and one day they left together for a neighbouring town, where the latter had certain business to transact.

When within about two miles of the appointed place, Estevan was somewhat surprised at the proposal of Fabian, that, as the day was cloudy, cold, and damp, they should alight and take refreshment at an ill-looking country tavern, instead of at once proceeding to the end of the journey. Fabian also urged that he had eaten nothing that day, and felt too faint to go on just then. His companion acquiesced; and while they tarried at the meal, it was discovered that their horse and vehicle had been spirited away, by whom, the landlord protested he could not say. Fabian was then heard to urge Estevan to remain over night, saying that in the morning the vehicle, perhaps taken through mistake, might be returned. And to this Estevan assented; but shortly after dark, Fabian seemed dissatisfied at remaining: the host saw them secretly confer, and then, paying their bill, abruptly left, and were last seen together walking in the direction of the town. Whatever the thoughts of the landlord were, he kept them to himself at the time, though he shook his head ominously as he gazed after them;

but he afterwards said that he had a presentiment of some foul play from the moment when he first caught the eye of the more shabbily-dressed and gloomy of the two.

However that might be, on the following morning the dead body of Estevan was found in a field near the road, midway between the tavern and the town. The skull was fractured and there were deadly wounds in the breast. His watch and money, which he had exposed at the tavern, were gone. Fabian had also disappeared.

The news rapidly spread, the body was identified by acquaintances from the city, an inquest held, and the verdict pointed to the absent Fabian as the undoubted murderer. Certain strangers who had been seen in the neighbourhood were arrested on suspicion of being accomplices, but an alibi was clearly proved in each case, and they were promptly set free. Officers were in the meantime in pursuit of Fabian; the places he had frequented were visited and his acquaintances closely questioned, but the sum of their testimony was that the missing man had long been in ill-health and unlucky, and so poor and despairing that he had been heard to say he felt so desperate at times he was in doubt whether to commit suicide or robbery.

The ground about the scene of the murder afforded much more conclusive proofs of the guilt of this ruined man. A handkerchief, identified as his, was found stained with blood near the wall between the field and the road, as if dropped in his flight. A vest-button of a peculiar pattern, such as he had worn, was picked up close to the corpse; but the crowning evidences, dumb but eloquent witnesses, were a threatening letter, in handwriting like his, and addressed to Estevan for the purpose of extorting money, and found in one of the pockets of the murdered man, and an answer in a torn letter, and handwriting perfectly resembling Estevan's, discovered on the road-side of the wall fence, asking Fabian to have a secret interview with him, at such place as they might agree upon, that an amount might be furnished, in order to give permanent satisfaction and cause the importunities of Fabian to cease for ever. There were no dates to these letters, but the opinions of experts in chirography pronounced them to be genuine.

On the fourth day after the murder, Fabian was discovered on board a vessel where he had hidden himself, and which was about to sail for a foreign port. His face was haggard, there were severe bruises on his forehead, and his whole appearance was that of a detected assassin, hopeless to escape. He trembled violently at first, but afterwards grew calmer, and refused to utter more than a simple denial of guilt.

At his trial for murder, the substance of the reply to the strong

circumstantial evidence against him was as follows:—"The handwriting in the letter supposed to be his he declared to be a forgery, but could not account for it, nor for the letter to himself, which he protested he had never seen before. He admitted that he had been a close companion of Estevan for several days prior to the murder; that he had been promised aid by him; that, disliking the tavern, after the horse and vehicle had been stolen, the two had concluded it best to walk to the next town, where, on the following day, they were to part—Fabian to return to his hotel in the city, where Estevan, on rejoining him, was to assist him to renew business.

He was with Estevan in the road when they were sprung upon by ruffians in the dark; and, being felled senseless for a time, he could render no assistance to his unfortunate companion, who had leaped the wall and been slain in the field. While recovering he was about to be despatched, but was spared, borne away, he knew not whither, in a carriage, and where, being kept a prisoner for a time, he was blindfolded, drugged, and, when again conscious, found himself alone, at night, on some unknown road near the city. On his way, he read the published evidence against him, and, fearing his inability to confute it, he endeavoured to leave the country.

This strange statement might have received more credence, had not Fabian, on being asked if he would be able to recognise the alleged assassins if he saw them again, maintained an unaccountable silence. This he refused to explain, though still declaring his innocence.

The defence, founded on such material, was considered a bungling and absurd one by the jury, who found him "Guilty;" and the judge, before pronouncing sentence, in recalling the circumstances so strong against him, referred to his story as evidently the unskilful plea of a guilty man unused to the ingenuity of habitual guilt, and stupefied by his own crime and the mortal peril in which it had justly placed him. His previous good character could weigh nothing in a case like this, where murder without provocation was so plainly proved upon him, the evidences confirmed by his inability or obstinate refusal to explain what might controvert the testimony against him.

On being asked if he wished to say anything before being sentenced to death, Fabian embraced the opportunity for a brief reply.

"Your Honour, and you, gentlemen of the jury, through whose action on the fatal evidence before you I am about to be done to death, I have no further comments to make upon that evidence, and if I had, at this time they would be superfluous. In the breasts of the real criminals alone exists that more ample proof



which would have solved this mystery and made me free as I am guiltless. I blame you not, for the testimony is as commanding to you as it is fatal to me. Had I been in your place, I should have read the same, having no other light. I only wish to say that the honest blood I inherited, and my early training, my lifelong associations have ever made me proof against any dishonourable lust for gold; yet the bitter trial of poverty, though it could not tempt me to any act of baseness, has now proved a more bitter curse even than I thought it, as it has been construed into a motive of guilt and made an instrument for a disgraceful death. I thank God that my parents are dead, and that I have neither wife nor children to live after me and wear my shame; and because of that shame I will now perhaps be mourned by few. But I have more to thank God for, and it is this: that though I die with tarnished name, my soul is free from stain, and so I shall keep it to the last."

The sentence was pronounced and the prisoner was removed, and the day for execution was not long in coming. On the scaffold, Fabian calmly persisted in his innocence, and being permitted a farewell speech, to the wonder of all he spoke as follows:—"Murderer! for whom I am to die, if within the sound of my voice and able to see me from within this multitude, confess, while seeing the wreck you have made of me, confess that I am faithful, and hear me! In this face of death, I declare that the keenest pang I feel is not to lose life, which has little charm for me, but to perish in ignominy. I expect no aid from him now; the bloody hand of an assassin is scarcely the one to look to for self-sacrifice; but this much I ask of you: when I am dead, find some means to rescue my name from infamy. Soon or late the time will arrive, and by the fidelity I have shown to you, I adjure you, do me this much justice. Farewell, all."

Fabian met his fate with brave composure, and while all applauded his firmness in that respect, some said it was a pity such a bold fellow should die a hypocrite, and a few ventured a doubt as to the justice of his doom. The majority, however, went away satisfied that the death of Estevan was avenged.

Years rolled by, and the memory of the execution had almost wholly faded from the public mind, when, in a distant land, an old innkeeper named Nathan Myroc was found dead in bed, his clay-cold fingers still clutching a written document. It proved to be a confession that he was the murderer of Louis Estevan, gave date and place, and an explanation of the circumstances which had consigned Richard Fabian to a felon's grave.

After confirming what Fabian had said in relation to the murderous attack, it further stated that Estevan, after a stout resistance, received his death blows from the hands of Myroc, who, however, interposed when Fabian was about to share the same fate. After robbing the dead body of a large amount, the evidences which afterwards served to convict the innocent man were scattered about, and he was conveyed in a carriage to a distant rendezvous of the robbers, several miles distant, a lonely house where the booty was divided, and his accomplices soon after separated and left. They had worn masks in the carriage, and their bound prisoner was therefore unable ever to identify them. Myroc alone he could swear to, as well as to have seen him do the murder. He therefore now held parley with his captor, who was in doubt as to the policy of setting him free: but Fabian, to save his own life, threatened anew, solemnly and repeatedly swore that he would not reveal his guilt, or ever in any event even hint that he knew him by sight, or had been placed under oath to that effect.

"But when you are at liberty," said Myroc, "you will say the oath was not binding, being compulsory. I had better despatch you here."

"No," implored Fabian, bound and completely at his mercy, "spare me, as once already you have done, and may heaven not spare me, if I do aught to direct suspicion to you, even at the gallows!"

"I told him," said the confession, "that evidence to convict him had been prepared and placed, that in disguise we had watched him and Estevan at the hotel, in the city, overheard their plans, knew of the money, had secured specimens of their writing, and had forged the letters to suit the occasion, and secretly followed them on their journey to the county town; and that while my comrades were ready to swear to an alibi for me, he, if now spared, would still be likely to be a victim of circumstantial evidence. But still he implored, and said:—'I believe my chances are slight, but yet, for the sake of the chance I yet have of escaping arrest by leaving the country, I swear not to betray the sparer of my life if that hope should be disappointed.'"

"I spared him a second time—set him free—but to go to the death administered by blinded law. While living, I kept the secret; dead, I yield it. His name is thus rescued from infamy, as he asked, when about to die—but, oh, for me what rescue, when I meet our common Judge, and am faced by my two accusers!"

**A MOST NOBLE RECORD OF KING HENRY VIII.**—King Henry VIII used to walk his rounds by night in and about the City. One night, on going his rounds as usual, with his large walking staff, to see that the constables did their duty, he was stopped by one of those officers near the foot of London-bridge, who demanded what he did with such an unlucky weapon at that time of the night, upon which the King struck him, but the constable calling the watchman to his assistance his Majesty was apprehended, and carried to the Poultry Compter. He lay confined till morning without either fire or candle; but when the keeper was made acquainted with the rank of his prisoner he despatched a messenger to the constable, who came trembling with fear, expecting nothing less than to be hanged, drawn, and quartered; but, instead thereof, the King applauded his resolution in doing his duty, and made him a handsome present. At the same time he settled upon St. Magnus parish an annual charge of 23*l*. and a mark, and made provision for furnishing thirty chaldrons of coals and a large allowance of bread annually for ever towards the comfortable relief of his fellow-prisoners and their successors. What shows the above story to have a foundation in truth is that a royal annuity of 23*l*. 4*s*. is paid to this parish annually out of the Exchequer. "Where there has been shame there may indeed be virtue," and we may also add, "Charity covereth a multitude of sins."—*City Press*.

**MEDICAL HOUSEHOLD WORDS.**—Every family has its specific, but nothing can be more dangerous than the fallacy that one medicine will cure every disorder. Every drug and every compound has its office; beyond which it becomes mischievous, and to the recognition of this great truth may be attributed the unparalleled success of a medicine which, during an existence exceeding sixty-five years, has never met with disparagement. We allude to **DOUGLAS'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS**, which have become one of the "household words" of the British nation. (Advertisement.)

**Mrs. WIGGLES'S SORCERER'S STICK**, for children teething, has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known; it is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child and gives it rest; it softens the gums and allays all pain and irritation; it regulates the bowels, cures wind, colic, or dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. It is highly recommended by medical men, and is sold by all medicine dealers at 1*s*. 1*d*. per bottle. Full directions on the bottles. (Advertisement.)

## FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

[From *Le Follet*.]

Day by day the diminution both in the length and width of dresses may be perceived; although, up to the present time, only in walking dress. For the evening wear the skirt retains its graceful length. The "Empire" make is more and more cut on the bias, and with a short waist, the upper part of the breadth being very narrow and setting close to the figure, whilst at the bottom they are left their full width, and, indeed, have additional gores put in, reaching a short distance up the skirt. Peplums of the same material as the dress are in full favour, particularly for full and evening dress.

Materials of a thick and rich texture now make their appearance as the colder weather approaches. For visiting dress plain silks will be preferred to those with a pattern, though stripes are still worn; and this is easily accounted for, the style of wearing a coloured japon with the short skirt over, frequently of a different colour, necessitating that it should be plain. This same fashion also causes black taffetas to be much in favour.

Plaid is likely to be much used for trimming, both for dresses, petticoats, and out-of-doors garments, and even bonnets. It is especially suitable as a trimming for black taffetas; for instance, the dress trimmed with a bias of the same material down the front, with a row of plaid buttons upon it, and a petticoat and small circular of the same plaid.

There is an effort being made in some of our leading houses to make the bonnet more bonnet-like, but at present the "Catalane" and the "Lamballe" are very perceptibly the favourites. Some are being worn without strings, or very narrow ones tied behind under the chin, whilst others, on the contrary, have only a very small ornament placed on the summit of the head, with a wide barbe of lace carried across, so as to completely cover it, and tied in a large bow under the chin; but, doubtless, as the winter sets in, a more comfortable coiffure will make its appearance, and, should the real bonnet of former days once more become a mode, it will be warmly welcomed by some, whilst others, to whom these small head-dresses are, we must own, decidedly becoming, will find that our clever modistes will make the new coiffures equally charming.

## A ROMANTIC STORY.

MANY years ago, Sir Roger Charles Tichbourne, Bart., when heir to the estates of his father, the late Sir James Tichbourne, of Tichbourne Park, Hampshire, suddenly left England, unaccompanied by servants, and news was shortly afterwards received at home that the ship *Bella*, in which he had embarked, was wrecked off the American coast, and that young Sir Roger was drowned. Since that period the father has been borne to the tomb, also his younger and last son, Sir Alfred Tichbourne, at whose decease, a few months ago, great sorrow was expressed by all the friends of the family that no son remained to inherit the vast possessions which had descended to the family from a period long prior to the Norman Conquest. Shortly after this, however, all anxiety was removed by the announcement that the widow of Sir Alfred Tichbourne had given birth to a posthumous son and heir, and great were the rejoicings that ensued. For several years nothing positive has occurred to disturb the general conviction that Sir Roger was dead, though it has once or twice been rumoured that he was still alive in the colonies. About three weeks ago, however, public curiosity was again kindled by vague rumours that the missing baronet was still alive, and not only alive, but that he might be expected with his wife shortly in England, as he had taken a passage from Australia, with the view of returning to claim his inheritance. This rumour has received some confirmation by the recent arrival of Australian mails, from which it would appear that either Sir Roger is really alive, or that somebody has personated him in the colonies. Thus the *Wagga Wagga Express*, of July 22nd, contains a circumstantial narrative of his career ever since he has left England. He has been known to the townsmen as "Tom Castro," and occupied a very humble position in life. A perfect history of the "new baronet" is given—of his roving disposition, his shipwreck, his escape, minus his goods, his dislike to American manners, his various callings and travels, till he became connected with a small business in Tumut, which he subsequently gave up, and removed to Wagga Wagga, where, in the early part of the present year, he was married. It is added that "Sir Roger was acquainted with his father's death; but as he was much attached to his younger brother in his early childhood, and as he felt that his lengthened colonial wanderings had in a measure unfitted him for the life of an English country gentleman, he did not attempt to disturb the succession, and still continued to preserve his *incognito*. His brother Alfred is now dead. The strongest reason for the voluntary resignation of the patrimony is now removed. Mr. Castro has resumed his real name and taken the title which belongs to him of right, and is now about to proceed to England." The *Goulburn Herald* of the 25th of July says:—"The mother-in-law of the new baronet is Mrs. James Pain, a Goulburn resident, and wife of a labouring man. Lady Tichbourne is the daughter of Mrs. Pain's first husband, who was a plasterer, named Bryan, and met his death some years ago by falling down stairs or off a ladder during the progress of the erection of a house." And the *Tumut Times* of the 27th of August gives further corroborative evidence of Thomas de Castro, who "left Tumut and opened a butchering establishment in Wagga Wagga," with a description of the said Thomas Castro "being no less a person than Sir Roger Charles Tichbourne." It, however, slightly differs from the preceding accounts, by stating that "not having been in communication with his family for some years he was not aware of his good fortune." Altogether the affair appears one of the most romantic in the records of the wonderful.

**NOVEL MODE OF COMMITTING SUICIDE.**—The following extraordinary account of a determined attempt at suicide is gravely related by the *Epoca* of Madrid; but as neither the name of the party nor the locality is mentioned, we must suppose that the whole statement is intended as a piece of pleasantry:—"The individual in question, being tired of his life, resolved to take such measures as must infallibly ensure his death. To that end he started for the sea-shore provided with a ladder, a rope, a loaded pistol, a bottle of poison, and a box of matches. Having some time before discovered a post standing a little way out in the water, he fixed his ladder against it, and, ascending, fastened one end of the cord to the top and passed a slip-knot round his neck, swallowed the poison, and striking a light set fire to his clothes; then, placing the pistol to his ear, kicked away the ladder, but in so doing his hand swerved, and, as he fired at the same moment, the bullet, instead of penetrating his brain, divided the rope, and he fell into the sea, extinguishing his burning garments; also the quantity of salt water he swallowed caused him to throw up the poison he had taken, so that he scrambled on the shore, convinced that his time had not yet arrived."

## DREADFUL FIRE AT QUEBEC.

THE fine old city of Quebec—certainly the most venerable as well as the most attractive city in British North America—again laments the calamity of fire, which has for the third or fourth time descended upon the Quartier St. Roche. The telegraph informs us that this last fire, which broke out early on the morning of Sunday, has destroyed 2,500 buildings, including seventeen convents and churches, and has rendered homeless 18,000 persons. There is undoubtedly exaggeration in these statements. In the Quartier St. Roche there are but 1,500 wooden houses, and in the St. Sauveur suburb there are not more than 400. In the Jacques Cartier quartier, to which the flames undoubtedly spread, there are about 1,000 wooden houses. It seems improbable that only 400 wooden houses are left standing in these two quarters and in this one suburb. And certainly, as the population of Quebec is less than 60,000, it is difficult to believe that nearly one-third of the people have been robbed of homes by the fire. The wooden houses of Quebec, and, in fact, nearly all the houses in the manufacturing portion of the city, or lower town, are generally but one storey high. It is hardly probable that 18,000 people found shelter in 2,500 one-storey buildings of the sort characteristic of Quebec. However, the calamity is sufficiently terrible; it must appeal directly to every English heart. The loss of property is roughly estimated at 3,000,000 dollars. The loss of life is fortunately small. The soldiery and the seamen in the harbour did good service in fighting the fire; it is noticeable that in the list of casualties the names of several British military and naval officers appear. Lieutenant Douglas (of the *Aurora*) and Lieutenant Benn (regiment not given) were seriously injured by falling timbers. The governor-general has sent 10,000 shelter tents to Quebec, and relief movements are progressing.

Quebec has been peculiarly unfortunate as a sufferer from fire—the Lower Town, of course, bearing the main burden of disaster. The Lower Town, being composed in great part of wooden buildings, is capable of offering but very slight resistance to fire. The Upper Town, or military portion of the city, has suffered little, or none. The Quartier St. Roche, which will be remembered with mixed feelings, probably, by many British officers, lies along the St. Charles river; the St. Sauveur suburb is practically an extension of this quartier. One of the most destructive fires that has occurred in the New World broke out in St. Roche quartier, on the 28th of May, 1815, in a tannery in St. Vallier-street. A high wind sprang up. The weather had been hot, and the wooden roofs were like tinder. The blazing shingles of the tannery were scattered far and wide; a fire broke out in the cliff above. The conflagration raged during the whole day. The soldiers of the garrison were detailed to blow up buildings. When arrested the fire had consumed the entire quartier. Immense quantities of personal property were burned in the streets, together with great numbers of domestic animals. Saddest of all, more than twenty human beings perished. On the 28th of June, of the same year, a fire broke out in the populous Quartier St. Jean. Many houses were blown up, but the whole suburb was destroyed before the fire was subdued. More than forty persons were burned to death in these two fires, 16,000 persons were bereft of homes, and property valued at £500,000 was destroyed. Relief movements were immediately instituted. The Queen inaugurated the movement in Great Britain by contributing munificently to the Relief Fund, and her Majesty also caused charity sermons, especially referring to the Quebec disaster, to be preached throughout the United Kingdom. In June, 1846, the riding school attached to the Chateau St. Louis was burned, during a diorama exhibition, and forty-five persons lost their lives. In July, 1865, a fire consumed some thirty buildings facing Point Lewis, on the St. Lawrence; and in September of the same year unlucky St. Roche was visited by a conflagration which destroyed sixty buildings.

## A FEROCIOUS MONSTER.

DURING last week an animal was brought to this city from the northern part of this State, the like of which was never before seen, we venture to assert. A year ago we learned from several reliable gentlemen who had seen it that such a monster was extant, though rather too diminutive to attract much notice, and that, should it live to attain full size, it would be a marvel of ugliness and ferocity. About the middle of the present month its keepers concluded that it had attained a growth sufficient to astonish any community in which it should be exhibited, and it was brought to this city, to remain, as we supposed, till after the State fair, but its extreme viciousness rendered it unsafe and improper to allow it to stay here, as well as dangerous to the crowds that will be in town during the coming week. A gentleman who saw it while here describes it as follows:—"The general characteristics and features of the horse are closely blended with those of the ox in this strange and remarkable beast. The head and neck are broad and heavy, giving it the fierce disposition of the buffalo rather than the quiet and docile character of the ox, while a mane reaching from the forehead to the shoulder, and sweeping to the knee, adds to the general appearance of ferocity. The horns are heavy at the base, but very short, and remarkably polished and pointed. The eye is dull, but suggests things unutterable—an expression of latent power and devilishness which the general appearance of the animal confirms. The muzzle is black and ugly, the wide nostrils arguing a large breathing apparatus and unconquerable endurance. The jaw is heavy and prominent, the forehead full but rather square. The depth of the shoulder is very great, the forelegs short and large, the foot broad and deeply cleft. But here the bovine resemblance ceases altogether, and the equine characteristics begin. The body is slight and rounded, closely covered by a glossy coat of fine short hair, and a long flowing tail nearly reaches the ground. The hinder legs are smooth and lithe as those of a race-horse, and the hoofs rather slight but well formed, contrasting strangely with the heavy legs and cleft hoofs of the forward part of the animal. Its gait, too, is a ludicrous cross between that of the two brutes of whose nature it seems to partake. While the motions of the forward part of the body are slow, awkward, and shambling, those of the hinder are extremely graceful and agile. Altogether it is one of the most wonderful curiosities to be found in the animal kingdom. Who will give it a name?—*Indianapolis Journal*."

WE understand that the Channel squadron is ordered to Portland from Berehaven. The Ocean will proceed to Devonport, and the Bellerophon to Portsmouth.

**CORK LEGS.**—PARIS AND LONDON PRIZE MEDALS.—GROSSMITH'S NEW ARTIFICIAL LEG, with patent action Knee and Ankle Joints, enables the patient to walk, sit, or ride with ease and comfort, wherever amputated. It is much lighter and less expensive than the old style of cork leg, and will last a lifetime, and is the only leg yet invented that ladies and children can wear in safety. It was awarded the highest medals in the London and Paris Exhibitions, and was pronounced by the Juries "superior to all others." Grosssmith's Artificial Leg Eye, and Hand Manufactory, 175 Fleet street. Est. b. 1812, 1760. London. Exhibition Prize Medal, 1851. Paris 1855; London, 1862; Dublin, 1865. (Advertisement.)



## THE WRECK OF THE EVENING STAR.

THE following account of the wreck of the steamship *Evening Star* has been furnished by one of the crew to the *New York Tribune*:—"I had a run on that steamer several months once before; the last time I shipped was about two months ago, and we have made two trips since; had always regarded her as a strong boat, but about four months ago she ran on a reef off the Florida coast, and broke her back, and since then I believe she has not been strong, although she was supposed to have been thoroughly repaired immediately afterwards. We left New York on Monday morning, with pleasant weather, and a prospect of making a quick trip. The next day, about four o'clock in the afternoon, it blew so hard that we took in sail, and I noticed as the sea rose she worked and strained badly, and I thought of the heavy engine amidships and the immense freight on board, but having been at sea thirteen years, and feeling so well acquainted with her, felt no uneasiness, though the wind soon blew a perfect hurricane, a man being scarcely able to stand on deck for it. She soon began to leak, and the water came in from all directions. The pumps were set at work, but gave out, and all hands, passengers and crew, men and women, went to work with buckets to try and keep down the water till daylight. The gale increased, and the paddles and wheel-houses were carried away during the night. I was sent below to keep the water from coming in at the 'dead lights,' and had them stuffed with bedding, ladies' dresses and everything else we could lay hands on, but every sea that came would turn the ship on her side, and the water would pour in to such an extent that it seemed useless to try to do more. Soon after, we were all passing water from the hold in buckets, and several ladies were assisting near me in the line, when the ship gave a terrible lurch, and I thought they would be frightened; but they only asked quietly if we thought the danger great, to which we of course answered in the negative. Those women worked bravely, nobly. A few of the German women gave up in despair; but the American ladies worked on earnestly and bravely, without faltering, till five o'clock in the morning, when the captain came down, and told us that the vessel must go down. They had more pluck than many of the men had. When the captain informed all hands that the ship could not hold together long, she was a perfect wreck, and floated in the trough of the sea, settling deeper every minute. I was one who went below at this time, to wake up all who were in their state-rooms. Several were very sick, and did not leave their rooms, going down with the ship. Going on deck soon after, I found everybody gathered there, and the wind blew so hard that no human voice could be heard five yards. I assisted in cutting away four boats—we had ten life-boats; the others were also cut adrift. We could not launch them in that sea. Suddenly the ship gave a lurch, and before we knew what had happened, we were under water. It was so sudden I couldn't realize it. When I came to the surface, the water was covered with driftwood, and I managed to get hold of a plank, which sustained me a short time, and by the little daylight we had, the forms of several of the passengers and crew could be seen clinging to planks, timbers, boats upside down, and anything else which assisted in sustaining them above water. After being capsized several times, and being badly bruised by the timber floating about, I at last got into the captain's boat, which was supporting eighteen or twenty persons then. A young lady was clinging to her on one side—the only woman I saw alive then out of the eighty or ninety aboard. The boat, being full of water, was turned over several times by the heavy seas, and we all lost our hold on her, but all but one or two regained it. The third time the boat was overturned the young lady lost her hold and sunk by my side, almost near enough for me to touch her with my hand, but I could render no assistance. Captain Knapp soon after lost his hold when we were capsized, and he went down so near me that I could have touched him if every particle of strength I had had not at that moment been taxed to the utmost to preserve my own hold on the boat. During the twenty-four hours following the sinking of the ship our boat capsized no less than nine times, the wind blowing a gale all the time. We finally managed to get into her, though nearly full of water, and by means of an old felt hat baled out some of the water. But there were fourteen of us, 180 miles from land, without oars, compass, chart, food, or drink: sitting in an open boat full of water, every sea breaking over us and threatening to capsize us again. Hitherto we had been floating at the mercy of the waves, but now a man was discovered who had been floating on a part of the deck, and had managed to get an oar, which had drifted near him. We took him in, and with the oar were enabled to keep our boat a little before the wind, which had now begun to die away. Myself and another man were the only ones who had strength remaining sufficient to attempt to steer her at all, and we were pretty well used up. For four days and nights we were on that open boat, and though the gale subsided on the second day, a 'nasty sea' rendered our position anything but agreeable, particularly when the sun appeared, and its burning rays beat on our bare heads. Our clothing soon dried, and we began to feel stiff, sore, faint, hungry, and entirely exhausted. On the third day two of those in the boat became delirious, and leaping overboard

sank from our sight. Two others died soon after, and their bodies were brought in with us. We guided our course by the stars, and thought we might possibly reach the coast of Georgia or Florida. Day before yesterday we fell in with a Norwegian barque, and were taken aboard and kindly treated. She was bound to England; and as we shortly afterwards fell in with a vessel bound to Savannah, we were put on board, and arrived there to-day. I don't think the steamer was lost through any lack of seamanship; everything that could be done to save her. I have been to sea thirteen years, and never was out in such a storm. It is a miracle that any of us escaped."

A despatch, dated Savannah, Oct. 15, says:—"A private letter from Mayport Mills, Fla., says that Gouldsby, the second mate of the *Evening Star*, had arrived there, having left the steamer with a boatload of ladies. All but two were lost before getting near shore. In landing the latter were lost—one named Annie, of New York. Both became insane from want and starvation. Their bodies were washed ashore. That of the latter was nearly devoured by sharks. The mate is barely alive."

## Varieties.

MISFORTUNE engenders epochs on the soul. THE GREAT UNPAID.—The National Debt.—Fun.

How to KEEP A BIRTHDAY.—Keep it to yourself.

A SEPULCHRAL BARROW.—The knacker's cart.

SEASONABLE.—Poulterers like Christmas, because then they feather their nests.

THE PATRON SAINT OF AUCTIONEERS.—Saint Francis de Sales.

MEAN souls alone possess the secrets of mean souls.

LOVE is a fever of the soul—passion its delirium.

TIME marks the title-page of our lives—death the finish, and the grave becomes its binding.

THE opinion of a fool is of more value than the oath of a hypocrite.

OPEN hatred irritates a noble, generous soul; concealed hatred revolts and shocks it.

WE have need to accustom ourselves to all things; to misfortunes, to sickness, and to happiness itself.

Men continually preach to us patience and gentleness, because they find it much easier to us to bear with their errors, than it is to endeavour to conquer them.

THERE is a fearful moment in affliction, in some degree even more dreadful than the affliction itself: it is when we can no longer doubt it.

IGNORANT men are often more ambitious than the learned of copious libraries and curious books, as the blind are fonder of sunshine than the sighted.

THE world was not made in a day—neither can any hope to gain wealth by sudden efforts; for the sudden efforts that are now-a-days made are not a whit better than none at all.

SETTLED IN LIFE.—We often speak of being settled in life—we might as well think of casting anchor in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, or talk of the permanent situation of a stone that is rolling down a hill.

OLD NICK.—As cunning as, or as deep as Old Nick, is an old proverb, and accounted for by Dr. Cocchi, who says that it alludes to old Nicholas Machiavel and so came afterwards to be perverted to the devil.

WINGS OF INSECTS.—The transparent wings of certain insects are so attenuated in their structure, that 50,000 of them placed over each other would not form a pile a quarter of an inch in height.

To show the rude manner of living in the early ages, Bede tells us that Sexted and Seward, two Saxon kings, expressed great desire to eat the white bread distributed by Mellitus, the bishop, at the communion; but on his refusing them, unless they would submit to be baptized, they expelled him their dominions.

RHEUMATISM.—"I am troubled with a strange kind of rheumatic affection in my arm," said a well-known, though rather seedy, Irish wit, the other day to a friend. "It allows me to do some things, but prevents me from doing others. For instance, I can put my hand into my pocket with all the ease in the world, but I never can take anything out."

THE ELDER.—This tree does as much good by its noxious as by its agreeable qualities. If corn or other vegetables are smartly whipped with the branches, they will communicate a sufficient portion of this scent to keep off the insects—by which so many plants are frequently blighted. An infusion of the leaves, poured over plants, will preserve them from caterpillars also. The wood is made from the berries is well known, but perhaps it may not be so generally known that the buds make an excellent pickle. A water distilled from the flowers rivals buttermilk itself as a rural cosmetic. In some remote country places, it supplies the place both of the surgeon and the druggist; it furnishes ointments, infusions, and decoctions for all ailments, cuts, or bruises. Every part of it serves some useful purpose: the wood, pith, bark, leaves, buds, flowers, and fruit. Its narcotic scent makes it unwholesome to sleep under its shade.

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